

The Improvement Era



AUGUST, 1937

Volume 40

Number 8

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

THE BROWNS GET AN UNFORESEEN MOTOR REPAIR BILL

\$75 OUT THE WINDOW



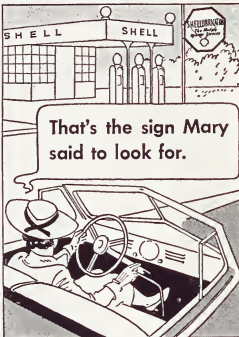
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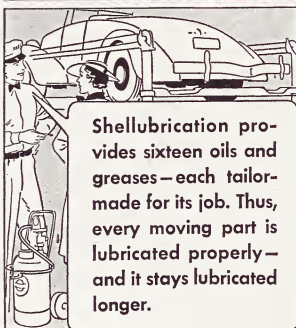
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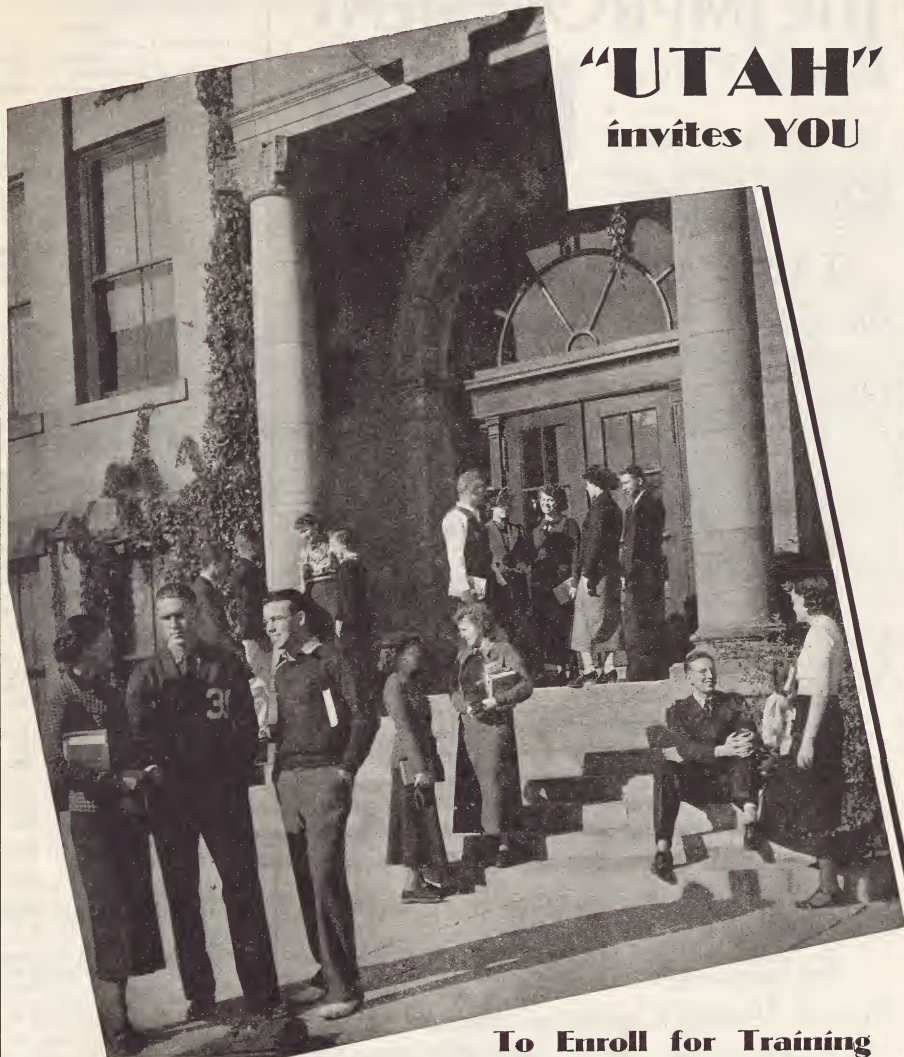
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WRITE FOR CATALOG. ADDRESS, THE PRESIDENT

The IMPROVEMENT

AUGUST, 1937

VOLUME 40

NUMBER 8

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

IEIRA

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPART-
MENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD
TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

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"WIND IN THE GRASS" is the title of this photographic study by Don Wallace of
Chicago. With its freshness of beauty and modest loveliness, it symbolizes
the glory of youth and the promise of harvest.

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EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

PRESIDENT GRANT'S EUROPEAN ITINERARY

"THE Log of a European Tour,"

by Lucy Grant Cannon, pages 482-483, follows President Grant and the Centennial party from Salt Lake City to Cherbourg, France. A subsequent installment by the same author will tell more of the European activities of the President of the Church and the three members of the General Presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A. Here, however, we briefly account for the President's time following the arrival at Cherbourg, June 22.

At Cherbourg the President and the more than three score westerners of the Centennial party were greeted aboard the *Empress of Australia* by Dr. Richard R. Lyman, and President O. F. Ursenbach of the French Mission. A mid-ocean cable had changed the President's plans, in accordance with which he proceeded to Paris, where, on June 24, he addressed the American Club as an invited guest.

A brief stay in Paris was devoted to making the acquaintance of members of the Church there and to vis-

iting scenes of war interest, art interest and other general attractions.

On June 26 the journey was made from Paris to French Mission headquarters in Liege, Belgium, where he met with the missionaries laboring near Liege that evening and next day spoke at the Seraing and Liege Sunday Schools, dedicated the Herstal Branch chapel and spoke at evening services at the Liege chapel.

Subsequent days found the President's party in Ypres, Geneva and Basel. Several days, beginning July 4, were spent at the last named place which is the headquarters of the new Swiss-Austrian Mission. From here visits were made in the Czecho-Slovakian Mission, followed by approximately a week in Germany.

Following the visit in Germany the party traveled to England, where from July 20, and continuing for more than ten days, British Mission Centennial activities were scheduled to include the dedication of a chapel in Liverpool, the dedication of a monument on the

River Ribble, and a Centennial gathering in Rochdale, July 31 to August 2.

Following the British Centennial celebration, President Grant plans visits to the scene of the International Boy Scout Jamboree in Holland, followed by a tour of the Netherlands and Scandinavian Missions.

In many of his European activities President Grant is joined by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. His party also includes in some of the various stages of travel, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, Centennial President of the European Mission; President Grant's Secretary, Joseph Anderson, his daughter, Lucy Grant Cannon, Ruth May Fox and Clarissa A. Beesley of the General Presidency of Y. W. M. I. A., Richard Grant Smith, a grandson and released British missionary, the Presidents of the Missions visited, and other members of the Church now in Europe.

The President is expected to return to Salt Lake City about the middle of September.

THE BRITISH CENTENNIAL IN SALT LAKE CITY

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the celebration of one-hundred years of activity in the oldest overseas mission of the Church, the British Centennial will be observed in the Salt Lake Tabernacle with a mass meeting Sunday, August 1, beginning at 8:00 p. m., to which British missionaries, converts, British descendants, and the entire Church membership are invited.

The main address will be delivered by President David O. McKay of the First Presidency, and former President of the European Mission. A moving tableau and colored slides, presented under the direction of Josephine M. Goff, will depict prominent personalities and notable scenes in British Mission history.

Music will be performed by the Orpheus Club under the direction of Albert J. Southwick, with Frank Asper at the Tabernacle organ. Mormon hymns of British origin will be featured.

The Salt Lake City British Centennial Celebration is being directed by a British Mission Association Committee composed of W. Jay Eldredge, President; Wendell J. Ashton, B. Fred Pulham, Jr., Alma J. Larkin, and Ralph Hardy, and by a General Church Committee composed of Charles A. Callis of the Council of the Twelve, Chairman; Gordon B. Hinkley, Wendell J. Ashton, and W. Jay Eldredge.

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BE THOU FEARFUL ONLY OF THYSELF

BY

ELMA HAYMOND WAGNER

IF OUR bad, unspoken thoughts are registered against us, will not the good thoughts unspoken, the love and tenderness, the pity, beauty and charity which pass through the breast and cause the heart to throb with silent good, find remembrance too? It is said that our words, once out of our lips, go traveling on, reverberating forever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? We never know how far or how deeply our words will sink. They may travel quickly to a great distance or simply dig their way into some near-by heart and lodge there, growing into something real. It pays well to guard our lips. And it pays truly as well to guard our thoughts.

Accustom yourself, therefore, to think upon nothing but what you could fully reveal, if the question were put to you, so that if your soul were laid open, there would nothing appear but what could be brought to the light without blushing. The key to every man is his thoughts. Such as are thy habitual thoughts, so also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.

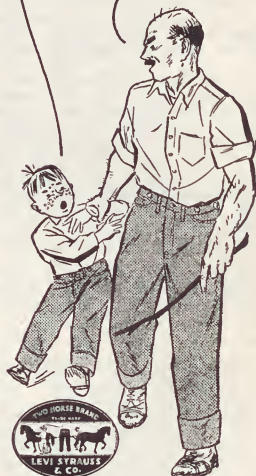
Our character is always within ourselves, but our reputation is in others. Reputation is the light by which the world looks for what we are—it is what men and women think of us; but character is what God and the angels know of us.

Be thou then fearful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience, for there is in every man a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.

"He that walketh upright and speaketh the truth in his heart, and walks humbly with God, shall dwell in the Holy House."

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REMEMBER I'M
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ABOUT THEM
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Photograph by H. C. Singer.

STALKING BEAUTY

TROTting ahead like an eager hound,
The trail leads upward over the hill;
Plumed tail pointing, nose to the ground,
It dips to the hollow where, darkly chill,
Seaweed green and ocean cool
Under a sagging, moss-hung bridge,
Water lies in a fern-draped pool—
Then up, and on to the highest ridge!

BY
JOSEPHINE INGRAM

He must be swift who would follow still
The wake of the silent, stalking hound
When beauty is fleeing, and over the hill,
The trail leads on with its nose to the ground

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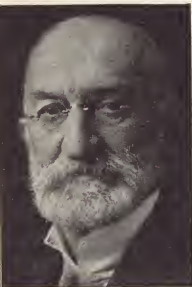
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LOGAN, UTAH

The EDITOR'S PAGE



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

A Message

TO THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

THESE IS NOTHING IN MY POWER THAT I CAN POSSIBLY DO FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUTH OF ZION BUT THAT I PROPOSE TO DO. I BELIEVE IN YOU. I LOVE YOU. I RESPECT YOU. I THINK YOU ARE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN TO BE FOUND IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

I REMEMBER when I was a young man of hearing a great many men who were along in years—particularly those not of our faith—expressing the idea that when Brigham Young and the first leaders of the Church passed away, “Mormonism” would end. I learned that originally the feeling was that with Joseph Smith, “Mormonism,” so-called, would die. But it is wonderful to see the growth of the Latter-day Saints. I understand that from national statistics we are growing more rapidly in proportion to our numbers than any other church. This is as it should be. . . . The Church is progressing, and progressing in a most satisfactory manner. . . .

I rejoice in the very splendid record that has been made from Canada on the north, clear down into Mexico on the south, by the Latter-day Saints that have been true to the principles of the Gospel. We are known today as a God-fearing, upright people. Every individual who lives up to the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as established here on the earth through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith is worthy of honor and respect. The day of persecution and of slander and of lying has almost disappeared. Of course, there are a few liars who still go telling the old stories against us. . . . But today I am safe in saying that where we are actually known we are known as a God-fearing people, and those who are living the Gospel are respected and esteemed as among the finest citizens in our country. The character of every true Latter-day Saint is worthy of the respect of all men.

So far as the youth of Zion are concerned, I have no fear, because those who are keeping the commandments of the Lord are progressing and growing in strength and in power and in influence, and those who are drifting away from the principles of the Gospel are losing in influence and power and prestige. I happen to know of one instance of a boy who worked in a bank, today one of the leading banks of the city. The bank was owned almost exclusively by a non-member of the Church. The boy went into the bank with a cigar in his mouth, and the president of the bank said: “Come in my office.” The boy went in, and the president of the bank said: “Young man, go and get your time, and go home.”

“What is the matter? Haven’t I done my work well?” the boy asked.

“Yes.”

The boy said: “What is the matter, then, if I have done my work well?”

“You are smoking a cigar.”

“You smoke—your boy smokes.”

“Yes, and I drink, and my boys drink; but your parents have taught you to leave tobacco alone, that it is not good for you, that it will detract from your capacity and your ability to accomplish things in the battle of life, and that it will burn up, so to speak, part of your income. And I don’t want any boy handling money in my bank who I believe is going contrary to the teachings of his father and his mother. I doubt very much if they know that you are smoking. I am inclined to think that you are smoking on the sly. Just get another job.”

I call to mind a young man who

made quite a success down in California. He was applying for a position to manage a large real estate company. The president of the company, who was examining him, had made some good remarks about him, and expected to employ him, but finally he said: “You are a Mormon.”

“Oh, I have outgrown that.”

“All right,” the president said, “come back tomorrow.”

The employer then sent for the president of the stake, and said: “The youngster feels he has outgrown ‘Mormonism.’ I know there is nothing in ‘Mormonism’ to outgrow. If he lived up to the principles of ‘Mormonism’ it would make him a better man. Now, unless you can individually recommend this young man, he will not get the position.”

The president of the stake said, “Well, he has been studying psychology to a fare-you-well, and he just thinks he has outgrown ‘Mormonism.’”

I wish before he passed on—which he did, by the way—he had read the psychologist Link’s book, *The Return to Religion*, one of the finest books I have read during the past year. This man was a psychologist and agnostic, and in giving advice to people on how to reform their lives he had to give them so much scriptural advice that he finally has turned to religion himself.

There is nothing within my power that I can possibly do for the advancement of the youth of Zion but that I propose to do it. I have been laboring, as you know, from the time the first Y. M. M. I. A. was organized. . . . From that day to this I have taken great pleasure in laboring for the advancement of the youth of Zion. I believe in you. I love you. I respect you. I think you are the finest young men and women to be found in any part of the world. And why shouldn’t I want to labor for people of this kind? I do, and I expect to continue, and I expect to stay here and continue it just as long as the Lord wants me. . . .

May the Lord bless us and help us to grow in this, the Church of Jesus Christ, the one and only Church, speaking of the Church collectively, in which the revelation says the Lord is well pleased. I ask it all in the name of our Redeemer. Amen. (From President Grant’s Greeting at the 42nd Annual Conference of the M. I. A.)

WHO IS YOUTH?

AND WHAT MUST THEY GIVE AND TAKE AS THEY HEW THEIR WAY THROUGH THE REALITIES OF LIFE IN A WORLD OF SCHEMING, PLOTTING MEN.

BY

PRESIDENT
J. REUBEN
CLARK



I SHOULD like to touch upon a very few of the many problems which confront you. I warn you they are the veriest commonplaces; the obvious; you have heard them often before; wisdom seemed to suggest it might be well for you to hear them again. They concern you as the youth of today.

And speaking of youth, I wish to touch upon some of the ideas underlying the so-called Youth Movement of the day—not because I am justified in feeling that you here are infected with these ideas, for I must assume, to the contrary, that the spirit and teachings of this Church will have given you the true view of life, its meaning, its high purpose, its destiny of ultimate divinity. But I shall do it merely by way of inoculating you against future contagion or infection. I shall do it with such soberness as an old man can muster, who has had some experience, some disillusionment, but who stands in a faith which strengthens day by day, with some vision of the beauties and glories of the Gospel and of its eternal principles which, obeyed, will lead us on to salvation and exaltation.

We again, all of us, even though we have passed by the dead line of seventy years, still remember in a sort of debilitated way, how we felt when we went over the top for a piece of sheepskin. I say "went over the top," but some of us slipped through between the bars, and others

just managed to crawl under the bottom one. But, old as we are, we remember some of the things we boasted and prophesied on that great, long ago day of ours. We are a little shame-faced about them now, because even to our dimming eyes and jaded imaginations, the actual realities bear to the things we boasted and prophesied, hardly the resemblance of a thin, pale shadow of a defaming caricature. And in turn, the things we then had the courage to boast and to prophesy were but the faintest echoes of what we dreamed and visioned.

In that far-away day, some of us strutted off the campus great warriors, others sort of smirked off as renowned diplomats, eclipsing Machiavelli at his best—or worst; others went forth jurists, statesmen, orators, painters, dramatists, officers of cabinet, presidents. Strength knotted our muscles, courage fired our blood, the will to do was king; hope leaped to the top of the top-most sky, ambition was a roaring lion, victory stood with arms outstretched, fame smiled and beckoned. Oh, what a glorious day it was! What a distinguished class we were!

So we went forth in ecstasy, treading on air. Then we dreamed on, and dreamed to put the world in step, our step, the step of buoyant, vibrant youth. But youth passed on away from us, with the world, not ourselves, still out of step.

In this time we first learned some rather obvious things, that to then we had not really known. Of course you know them already. We learned there were day and night, that there were twenty-four hours in a day and 365 days in a year; that we did not keep the same age, but year by year we grew older (that is half of us learned this); that every year had four seasons, falling in the same sequence; that the rain fell on the just and the unjust and that the sun shone on all alike; that when it was cold it was cold for everybody, and the same with the heat. We found that springtime was the time of planting, that fall was the time of harvesting; that if we did not plant in the spring, we could not harvest in the fall; that seasons of big crops might be followed, and in the long view were always followed, by small crops or none at all. We found that the earth and its people were governed by law and order and not by whim and caprice, nor by our desire. We learned that the mass of people cared little for what we said and less about what we thought. And Nature did not even know we had spoken or thought.

THESE things we learned; a dream-destroying consciousness began to come to us as it does to one who awakes from a sound sleep. Our eyes slowly opened; we blinked out upon a strange world, one of realities.

Then along came full manhood and womanhood to live with us. We began to feel the press of gaining a livelihood, the responsibilities of a family; we met greed and avarice; we came to know deception and falsehood; cheating and dishonesty visited us; the bitter conflicts

WHEN IS YOUTH?

PRESIDENT CLARK was invited to deliver the Commencement address to the 1937 graduates of Brigham Young University, which he did on June 9th at Provo, Utah. From out of that vital message to youth facing life in a world of growing complexity has come this article, adapted by the editors of the "Improvement Era," which will give pause to many who have not thought so clearly on some currently popular misconceptions.

of life pushed themselves upon us; we had to do battle for the existence of ourselves and loved ones. We learned we could not cheat, cajole, deceive, or defraud nature, nor great natural laws, nor spiritual laws, either. We found that the law always exacts its penalty.

This time was, for all of us, the time of disillusionment, and, for some of us, the time when hope died and discouragement came to dwell with us. But as troubles piled higher and higher, there came to those who lived righteously, enduring faith, the hope of eternal life, a knowledge that God lives, an understanding of the truths of the Gospel and of its saving principles, a love for God and for fellowmen, an abiding trust in the divine will and purpose. And so we passed to the middle-aged maturity.

As knowledge grew and experience multiplied, we gathered wisdom, the most precious of God's gifts to the mind. Then this maturity, which had so gradually worked its way amongst us, it too passed on. Ripeness came, sometimes over-ripeness; and finally we are become as you see us today—your parents and your grandparents, and rightly or wrongly, we see ourselves in you. And because we passed through all these things I have spoken about, and our parents and grandparents passed through them before us, and theirs before them, we, from this experience of ours that I have told you about, conclude that you will travel along by the very same way.

Someone shakes his head. May I ask him to think of this: The experience of humans through the

ages prophesy what each generation will do with its time, its effort, and its life. Sometimes political, economic, or moral plagues afflict humanity and the prophecy seems to fail, just as diseases and physical plagues poured out upon men may seem to break for a time the mortality rules of the actuary's insurance tables which predict the length of human life with the accuracy of an algebraic formula. But time in each case rights all this, and the great constants of human life resume control. Nothing is more certain in all the universe than human nature, even though in its variations among individuals it approaches infinity. Youth may not expect any change in this principle.

If I were reading the thoughts of someone holding the ideas of the youth movement of today, I should see plainly written out on the illuminated leaves of his brain, a protest against what I am saying and a declaration that these times are different, that old rules are gone, that old laws have been changed, that a new world is here with new hopes, new ideas, new standards, new aspirations, new achievements, new adjustments, that the world belongs to youth, which is to come now into its long postponed heritage.

To us who have been working, struggling for a lifetime to get a small portion of the earth, this idea of owning the earth has its allurements. As our early youth dreams were not pictured in quite such bold colors as yours, two questions come to our aged minds, disciplined by many disappointing years: Who is youth? Is it you who are here today, or those who were here a year ago, or ten years ago, or those who will be here a year hence, or ten years hence? And the other question is: When is youth? Is it from 15 to 18, or 19 to 20, 21 to 24, or 25 to 30, or all the way from 15 to 30; and if 15, why not 14, and then down to the cradle roll; and if 30, why not 31, and up to take in us of the classes of the 80's and the 90's of the last century? This latter idea looks so attractive to us that we should like time to consider it.

Of course, if you include anyone more than 21 or 22, you will find that the older ones have already staked out a claim to some of the earth's crust and they may not willingly give it up. Furthermore, when you



have reached that age, you will have staked out your claim and you may not be quite willing to give it up to some youngster who is three or four years your junior, just because he feels the acquisitive urge. You will think he might get to work and earn his own, just as you did, and not take what you have worked for.

But even if youth (whoever and whenever it is) could accomplish these little turn-overs to themselves of flocks and lands, houses and stocks, that belong to someone else, what about jobs and places and positions requiring experience and long cultivated skill? A playwright for instance; the public may not consider each one who wishes to write a Shakespeare. The public is peculiar that way, and has its own inconvenient ideas. So of painting and sculpture, and music and law and so through the list of professions and of the management of any great business, industrial or financial. And the same principles hold true in the schools, in the Church, and in all activities of life. People want in responsible places persons of experience in whom they have confidence and trust; but experience, confidence, and trust are plants of very slow growth.

Some may say: We could learn. Surely youth can learn. And that answer solves the problem. But learning takes time, and time breeds age, and age murders youth. So if it be to youth that the earth belongs, then youth loses by robbing itself through gaining age.

But another one may say you are speaking of the grossly material

things. True, there are things we have to eat, to drink, and to wear; these are rather important, too. But we are thinking of the higher things that make—I wonder if I dare say it, it is a fine phrase—the “more abundant life.” Some youth are saying we are planning new laws of economics, new political tenets, new rules for finance, new principles of international conduct and relations. We will let you old men do all these other old-fashioned, necessary things. I suppose that means that we old fellows are to continue to feed and clothe youth as we have largely and gladly done until this time. Well, there might something be said for that. But have you thought how hard it is to make canary birds or mice sing? I recently listened over the radio to an international contest of singing mice; some refused to sing, some apparently died as the result of the effort to make them sing. We old ones might be like the mice.

IT HAS always been contrary to law, to order, and to morals since society was organized, for John to take the property of James without paying for it, even though some James has, in fact, always taken some John's property by robbery. The Johns have always resented this; they devised such phrases as that “a man's house is his castle,” “Thou shalt not steal” and “thou shalt not covet” came from the thunders of Sinai. When government was organized for the protection of all, it became necessary to take some of the property of each for the joint benefit of all. Government is a joint enterprise for the joint welfare. Sound government has the purposes prescribed for it in the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. But when government goes beyond these purposes and undertakes to clothe and to feed its society and then begins to take John's property without compensation to feed James and clothe him, while James lolls in unnecessary public office or lazes away his time at home or loafs all day on the street corner, then this is making John work to support James in idleness, and this is the old time slavery.

You may try to hide this ugly fact of slavery or dress it up, or disguise it, you may call it by all sorts of fancy, high-sounding names, but the fact remains it is slavery. And slavery is an anachronism in today's human society, a reversion to an abandoned type, a setting up of an outgrown, outworn system that



will lead, as always, to the wiping out of the people who practice it. The ages of the past are filled with this constant human experience. The earth belongs to him only who works for it. Neither nature nor God gives something for nothing. Work must be done for whatever man has. Even breathing requires muscular effort and we must move our bodies if we would lie always in the sun.

I am sure that study and reflection will show that our economics, our politics, our finance, our principles of international conduct and relations are at least a part of the best

ANOTHER notable item from President Clark's address to the Youth of a modern day is here reprinted:

“No baser thing, nor more destructive of all the finer sentiments and sensibilities of life, was ever concocted than the idea that the sex impulse is like the impulse of hunger and thirst and is to be like gratified. This doctrine is born of the evil one; it leads to destruction. Sex is scarcely held in bounds when banked about with all the restraint and control which a mature and disciplined will can build up, and when that will is helped by attaching to sex the sanctity which belongs to it as being placed in man that he may help carry out the divine plan of giving bodies to waiting spirits. But when sex is bidden to well up within the bodies of immature, undisciplined, unknowing, unwise youth, it becomes a boiling caldron that consumes all the finer instincts and leaves its victims physical and moral wrecks.

“You Youth, facing the divine relationship of parenthood, do not, I beseech you, drag yourselves and your children down to the ground among the beasts; rather raise yourselves to the skies among the angels.”

of all that has gone before. Not all bad has yet been cut out; but over the centuries the worst always dies; the best lives.

But the times also bring youth other problems we did not have. Our freedom, our guarantee of liberties, our Constitutional government, these were not threatened when we went forth. The world threatens them now, in every land and clime. Lawlessness, disorder, greed, avarice, swagger about us. Free government, the government of democracy, is challenged. If it is to be saved, then the youth of yesterday, the youth who are here, the youth who are coming, must save it.

Civil war again threatens, indeed may even now have begun. This time it is class war, the most cruel, the bloodiest, the most inhuman of all, as the French and Russian Revolutions and the existing civil war in Spain so clearly show.

A few generations back, your ancestors gave their lives to establish democracy on this continent: your grandfathers fought and died to give the freedom of that democracy to all men, irrespective of race or color; some of your fathers and brothers went to the front in the recent World War to maintain democracy, and some of them never returned. The price of human liberty has always been human suffering and human sacrifice. You may have to determine how much this freedom which has come to you without price, is worth to you and to your children,—what price will you pay,—whether, if necessary, you also will make the final sacrifice as did your forefathers. I pray the Lord to give you wisdom and courage. You will need both.

We may not set up falsehood in any of its myriad forms, and worship it; false lives, false living; false standards; false ideals; false doctrines; false principles; false companions; false prophets; false Christ; false Gods. This we must not do.

I must not get the profits and pleasures of my life from the goods and sorrows of others. What the world needs today as badly as it needs anything is a knowledge between *meum et tuum*—between mine and yours. You may reasonably expect to enjoy your own rights and your own goods, only if you will respect the rights and goods of others. There can be no peace and safety in the world, and no liberty, without these. Indeed, with these gone, civilization will go. I pray you ponder

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Presenting another Cuthbert story which deals "tenderly" with the plight of Budding Youth—

WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW

By ESTELLE WEBB THOMAS

CUTHBERT sat on the running board of his car and thought about Life. From a mere jumble of bright, unrelated pictures and sensations, as it had once appeared, he now began to perceive that Life has a pattern, that acts have consequences, and that every trial has its compensation. Shudderingly, he recalled a soul-searing experience when, as a Second-Grader, he was forced to strip off his winter underwear and prance about the stage, during a Christmas program, clad only in tights and several yards of tulle, tied about his pudgy middle, shooting silly little arrows at the other children. It was this painful affair that had taught him about compensations. He had caught a terrible cold and had to remain in bed for a week or so. His mother and grandmother had danced attendance and even his father had been worried, and the contrite teacher had fairly showered him with visits and toys. The awful memory of himself as Cupid had faded considerably in the glory of these rewards. Cupid! The word brought his thoughts back to the present with a bang. It seemed, he thought grimly, he had been selected by Fate to be forever filling the role of Cupid, despite all his natural inclinations to the contrary.

Morosely, he pulled a crumpled letter from his pocket and, lips moving soundlessly, re-read it for the third time in the vain hope that he had misunderstood it the first two times. Here was something for which there could be no possible compensation, he was sure.

"Dear Coppy: Well, Coppy, dear old pal, I guess you know all the news about me and the old appendix by now. It got me down and I got it

out. Result—Tubby Inc. down and out for the present. This gently leads up to the subject I coaxed the prettiest nurse out of paper and pencil to write to you about. So now, old kid, here is what I want you to do. And do it in Friendship's name for a pal. You'll say right off you can't, but remember what Miss Black used to write up on the blackboard, "When Duty whispers low Thou must, the youth replies I can!" And also remember, Coppy, that a disappointment may cause me to have a terrible relapse, and then how would you feel?

"Well, Coppy, you know how it is with me and Aline. Well, with me, anyhow. Trouble is, I'm not quite sure who's the best man there, me or Rudy Graham. Now, kid, what I want you to do is hold her for me, see? Just step in and show her a time till your old side-kick gets back on the job. Now Coppy, this may change your plans a little, but I know you'll do it for a friend. And I know there won't be no danger of Aline falling for you on account you are not the type of man girls fall for. Which is nothing against your character you understand, but you just haven't got what it takes.

"The nurse is looking daggers at me and I got to quit. Well, Cop, what you are out in real money I will pay back if you will keep her for me and beat Rudy's time. Now be a good guy and play John Alden for me, only, for Pete's sake, don't speak for yourself, John! Here's hoping you will recognize me without my appendix.



HE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZED ALINE'S FAMILIAR VOICE, AND HER WORDS HELD HIM SPELL-BOUND. "WELL, I HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART TO SHAKE HIM! HE'S SIMPLY CRAZY ABOUT ME! WHY, HE PRACTICALLY SPENDS EVERY WAKING HOUR WITH ME!"

"Your true friend Harold (Tubby) (Miles Standish) Meredith.

"P. S. This nurse wants to kill me, but take Aline riding in Lady G. a lot, as that won't cost real money and you can always get Jim Brady to charge the gas. It would of been bad enough to be in the hospital at home but of course it was just my luck to have the old app. go back on me while we were here at Grandma's.

"Answer soon and favorable, "Tubby."

SCOWLING deeply, Cuthbert stuffed this pitiful appeal back into his pocket and producing a smudgy notebook and stub of pencil from the inner recesses of his greasy corduroys, laboriously indited a reply.

"Dear Tubby:

"Well Tubby, I sure sympathize with you in your trouble and wish I could see my way clere to do what you ask. But here is my situation. Jim Brady has given me part of 2 cans of paint, one green and one yellow and I am going over Lady Godiva, painting what there is of her. I would of liked aluminum paint better but you can't look a gift can of paint in the mouth and this will make people sit up and take notice if I know what I am talking about.

"Now about that little business. I sure do hate to refuse a friend, but you know I am off women for life. Besides, I am not the type for that John Alden stuff. Besides, I can't ask Jim Brady to charge the gas to take Aline Webster around when he gave me this paint right out of a clere sky. And when did it get to

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THE ARTICLES OF FAITH

VIII. *The Unity of the Universe*

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

Of the Council of the Twelve

(READ THE SEVENTH ARTICLE OF FAITH)

BELIEF in an unseen world is the foremost result of man's modern search for truth. Indeed, the last three centuries are notable for their exploration of the world that cannot be known directly through man's five senses. The telescope, microscope, electroscope, spectroscope, and numerous other aids to man's senses have revealed a vast world wholly beyond the unaided power of man to discover.

Domains wholly different from the world in which man lives have been invaded. The atomic world, of an order far distant from the material universe, and the subatomic world, yet farther away, where electrons rule and matter and energy commingle, are being laid bare through their effects to the understanding of man. The world of mind has likewise been subjected to such study, and unexpected marvels have appeared.

The unseen world seems to be illimitable. Every new aid to man's senses becomes the door to another unbounded science. A new courage has entered the hearts of men. It is felt that knowledge may be added to knowledge throughout the ages, if men but seek it; that the endless search for truth will be endlessly rewarded; that the well of truth can never run dry.

Thus it has come about that the old distinction between the visible and the invisible worlds is fading away. There is but one universe, of many manifestations, some of which may be known directly by man, others by aids to his normal powers. But, no part of the universe is beyond man's ultimate discovery.

The so-called spiritual world is but a special manifestation, probably the most fundamental of our one universe. Joseph Smith so implied when he said, "All spirit is matter, but it is more fine and pure." If that be so, the world of "spirit" may be known by man if he possess the necessary aids, comparable to

the radio tube that makes possible the conversion of electrical impulses into words. This view, strange and foreign to men at large a century ago, seems necessary and rational to men of our day.

The unseen world exists and is explorable in all of its divisions by suitable instruments. The Urim and Thummim of the ancients converted messages of the spirit into understandable human terms. The "two stones set in silver bows" made symbols engraven on golden plates appear in the language known to Joseph Smith. The claim by the Prophet that he needed such help is an evidence of the rationality of the process as of his honesty.

The common aids to human senses—the telescope and the like—are made by man of available materials. However, man, himself, possessed of an organization superior to all else on earth, may become sensitive to influences from the unseen world. This possibility is now recognized by reputable workers in the field of science. Many phenomena of earth can be explained in no other way. Clairvoyance and its related experiences are being subjected to orderly, scientific study. This field of investigation has led to a new branch of psychology. More and more it is becoming recognized that the constitution of man is such as to permit him to serve as a "converter" of spiritual impressions into comprehensible material terms.

This possibility was set forth clearly by Joseph Smith, the Prophet: "All spirit is matter, but it is more fine and pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes; we cannot see it, but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter." The lens of the telescope must be ground properly; and by the same token man must fit himself to receive spiritual impressions. Let it be remembered that the Prophet Joseph Smith at first "enquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim," but later, as he became more fit, laid aside the assisting instrument, and became, himself, a



medium through whom the voice of God could be heard.

Such a conception of the possibility of intercommunication among the various parts of the one universe, makes the doctrine of spiritual gifts easily comprehended. In fact, it would have reflected upon the integrity of the system ushered in by the Prophet Joseph Smith if these gifts of the spirit had not been frankly avowed and accepted. Man's communication with the intelligent beings in the invisible world becomes a natural experience, one to be expected by those who are in a suitable condition for reception.

Revelation becomes, then, the speech of the universal intelligent power, God, for the guidance of man, a speech that may be received and understood only by those having "purer eyes," that is, who by self-effort or by divine means have been fitted for the necessary receptivity. Visions are but another type of revelation, accorded probably in harmony with personal development. Prophecy implies that the prophet is an instrument through which the unseen universe speaks to the visible universe. "Speaking in tongues" and interpreting "tongues" are like-

wise special forms of the voice of God to his children on earth. He who blesses the sick in accordance with the divine formula stands as the means through which healing power flows from the spiritual world into the ailing material body. There is really no mystery about spiritual gifts, perhaps only a wonder that they are ever questioned.

Such communications with the spiritual domain occur only for definite purposes. Intelligence implies plan and purpose. Revelation, visions, and prophetic utterances are given when needed, and then only. The gift of tongues is of chief value when one needs to make himself understood in a language foreign to him, or as a testimony of spiritual truth. Healing of the sick is always conditional upon the divine purpose for those who are suffering. People who are "hearing and seeing things," when no purpose demands, are probably suffering from hallucinations.

Spiritual gifts can be expected only when men are properly "purified," or "tuned," to use a radio comparison. Faith, repentance, obedience to law, purity of life, these and conformity to all Gospel requirements, and especially prayer for the gift, effect the changes necessary for spiritual communication. Not only must there be a purpose in the manifestation of such gifts, but men must be worthy to receive them. Let no man deceive himself on that score. This was clearly understood by Moses who first declares that he saw God because "the glory of God" was upon him; and then explains that "now mine own eyes have beheld God; but not my natural, but my spiritual eyes." Such a transformation, which to some degree is needed to become sensitive to spiritual manifestations, is based primarily upon a righteous life.

Closely associated with the gifts of the spirit is the authority of the Priesthood. The Holy Spirit moves upon all men, but those who possess

ARTICLES OF FAITH

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.—Joseph Smith.

the Priesthood have official authority, if they are otherwise prepared, to receive revelation and other gifts from the Source of Truth and use them for the benefit of those who are in need. The Priesthood, properly received and respected, effects profound changes in the man, which

make him as it were a ready conductor of the stream of spiritual power.

In the organized Church of Christ all things are done in order. Therefore, the man who presides over the Church, and he alone, can or will receive revelations from God for the Church as a whole. It is so with all officers of the Church, each may claim spiritual guidance within his assigned field, but no farther. Nevertheless, all may win support in their personal affairs, or manifestations for their personal comfort. The unity and continuity of the universe are beautifully set forth in many of the revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith. For example "the spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the spirit." In Section 50 of the Doctrine and Covenants, dealing with the spiritual relationship among humanity, it is stated that, "He that receiveth the word by the Spirit of truth receiveth it as it is preached by the Spirit of truth. Wherefore he that preacheth and he that receiveth, understand one another, and both are edified and rejoice together." The implication of unity is there made very clear.

One warning must be given. Both good and evil forces operate in the invisible as in the visible world. Both may communicate with men in accordance with the conditions in which they have placed themselves. Men are sometimes deceived by evil communications. Yet, it need not be so, for sure tests have been given. Here is one, beautiful in language and thought: "That which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness. That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter, and brighter until the perfect day."



The OUTLAW of NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

*The Story of Posey, Last
Pah-Ute Outlaw*

By ALBERT R. LYMAN



IT IS RELATED THAT TSE-NE-GAT FOLLOWED HIM, SHOT HIM IN THE BACK, AND RETURNED WITH HIS OUTFIT AND HIS MONEY.

CHAPTER XV—UNCLE SAM

TSE-NE-GAT was charged with robbing and murdering a young Mexican sheep-herder, Juan Chacon. According to reports, when young Chacon had drawn his wages preparatory to going home on a visit to his wife and child, Poke's boy tried to inveigle him into a game of duck, but Chacon was eager to be gone with his money, and he refused to play. He started alone with his two horses south of McElmo headed for New Mexico, and it is related that Tse-ne-gat followed him, shot him in the back, and returned with his outfit and his money. Very damaging evidence confirmed the truth of this story, and those who knew the boy best, other than his immediate kinsmen, gave him full credit for the murder.

Officers from outside the county arrived with warrants for the boy's arrest, but whatever the efficiency of these officers in their own fields, they were strangers and tenderfeet in Pah-Utemod. Policies which might have carried well enough somewhere else, failed miserably in San Juan.

THE STORY THUS FAR: Down in the wild and lawless region of Fourcorners, where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado come together, more than half a century ago Kit Carson rounded up the Navajos and drove them into Santa Fe, New Mexico, to keep them there in the "bullpen" for three years. While the Navajos were being thus harshly disciplined, a disaffected handful of Pah-Utes broke away from their tribe north of the San Juan River and took possession of Navajo Mountain in Navajo territory. When the Navajos came back, these Pah-Ute renegades refused to vacate the Navajo country and bad blood resulted. Sowagerie (Posey), the central character of this story, was a child of one of the Pah-Ute renegades. He grew up in a cradle of anarchy. Bitseel, a son of the ousted Navajos, was Posey's most bitter enemy. Frequent raiding parties between the two tribes and the killing and plundering of unsuspecting travelers, cattlemen, and ranchers, resulted in complications that forced the Pah-Ute deserters to rejoin their tribe. In the midst of this tense situation in 1879 a colony of Mormons was sent down to settle the San Juan country, largely for the purpose of improving relationships with the Indians. Thales Haskel was their chief interpreter—a man skilled in Indian dialect and psychology. But the Navajos and Pah-Utes continued to prey upon each other and upon the Mormon settlement. During one skirmish when cowboy avengers scattered the tribe, the renegade son, Sowagerie, was momentarily separated from the tribe with Toorah, little sister of Poke, the Pah-Ute leader. This brief interlude marked the beginning of a smoldering romance that caused Sowagerie bravely to change his name to Posey and vainly dress himself in fine clothes, braid his hair, and put on war paint. This interest in his little sister, however, was relentlessly disapproved by Poke, who looked upon the "apostate" Posy as "Skunk," and so referred to him. During one period of tribal disorganization, Toorah, Posey's beloved, disappeared with her brothers, and all Posey's searchings for her were in vain. Posey finally secured vague information concerning Toorah's whereabouts, and these two lovers madly dashed to freedom. Their new found freedom together was soon interrupted, however, when Poke accidentally stumbled upon their hiding place. But he was in trouble and his ugly threatening gave way to sly compromise. Posey now entered upon the most recklessly happy part of his life. In an act of playfulness occurred the greatest tragedy of Posey's life—the shooting of his beloved wife by his own hand. His unbounded sorrow was made more terrible by the avenging pursuit of Toorah's brother, Poke. But the two met under circumstances which enabled Posey to save Poke's life, wherefore Posey was relieved of further vengeance on that score by agreeing to pay a high indemnity and by agreeing to marry another of Poke's sisters—a disagreeable superannuated maiden—which circumstances began another career of heckling evil. Later a handful of Mormon settlers from Bluff captured Posey in a humiliating manner, put him in irons and brought him before a justice of the peace, where he was bound over to appear at the next session of the district court. By a ruse Posey later escaped and went into exile at Navajo Mountain. He was shaken by his first personal experience with white man's justice and sent word to the inhabitants of Bluff, asking their forgiveness and pledging to mend his ways. The charges were withdrawn and Posey returned to the community on temporary good behavior. But as the terror of his exile began to fade, the humiliation of it loomed greater in his mind, and he took steps to see that it would not happen again by going to Colorado to purchase a long range gun, and by learning how the recently installed telephones could be used and how communities could be separated by cutting wires. Thus prepared, he returned to his old ways with a vengeance.



BLANDING NATURAL BRIDGE.

So poorly were their plans framed and executed, that the whole Pah-Ute tribe lacked little of being on the war path before any substantial steps had been taken towards the arrest.

The old bear refused to recognize any possibility of his son's guilt—nothing could be wrong with his tailor-made son, reared with so much care. He resolved with his long-range gun and his crack-marksman-ship to defend the boy at all costs. And grizzly though he was, he had tremendous influence with his people. His instinctive supremacy, his cool nerve, his splendid action and accuracy with a gun, his disregard of men, and his absolute immovableness from purpose, made him the chief whenever he wanted to shoulder the responsibility of that rank. The entire tribe, with a few exceptions like Henry, stood eager to do his bidding. Even Posey, despised as a skunk, wanted to crawl on his belly and fight the old bear's battles if only his grizzly highness would accept the service.

Poke, however, with life-long prejudices, wanted no polcaet assistance. Therefore Posey, camping as near as he dared to his chief, was two miles down the river at Sand Island. The old bear and his favored satellites had their camps west of Cottonwood Wash, half a mile from Bluff. His suspicions had been aroused by the ill-advised actions of the officers, and he preferred this place as the most favorable from which to watch their movements.

A posse of fourteen men from Colorado camped off the road and out of sight at Three Cedars, halfway between Blanding and Bluff. It was the intention to have these men come in the night to surprise and capture the camp.

Surprise and capture the old grizzly! How little those officers from far away knew what they were talking about. Poke's knowledge of war in the rocks was instinctive, as

accurate and as deadly as that which Nature has given to animals to deliver them from the plotting of men. Poke could not comprehend the printed page, his schooling had been with nature and not with art, but if that little squad of plotting officers had known how many and how keen the eyes he had for seeing, how many keen ears he had for hearing, and how sharp his intuitions for grasping the meaning of cryptic actions and words around him, they would have been fearful of his surprising and capturing them. Really, in the fight impending, he lacked little of doing that very thing.

The men at Three Cedars started horseback through the midnight, hoping to find the old bear and his people fast asleep. It was a cold raw night in February, 1915, and when they reached Bluff they had to thaw out with hot coffee before they were limber enough for action. Surely on such a night the Indians

would be cuddled under their blankets, unmindful of the frosty outside.

WITH utmost care to make no noise the little posse went to surround the camps. It was still dark, though a doubtful glow had came in the eastern sky. The *wickiups*, winter residences, built of logs and mud, looked like so many shapeless mounds in the gloom; everything seemed to be quiet as the horsemen reached the first positions from which they intended to call for surrender.

Something moved in the dark camp, something stirred doubtfully and a blood-curdling yell rent the air. While that yell still echoed in the cliffs north and south, another yell pierced the night again. It was the terrific voice of the grizzly chief, electrifying every brave to answer the summons with his gun in his hand.

Bright flashes broke sharply into the darkness, flashes from the camps and from the posse, and Chicken Jack fell before he could reach cover. A squaw dropped with a mortal wound. Havane and half a dozen other Indians had to surrender, but most of the people of the *wickiups* dropped into a little sandwash or fled to the tall greasewoods where they threatened the safety of all the posse still in the open. They forced part of the posse into a little cove of the cliff, and then forced them to climb ignominiously to the top for their lives, leaving their horses in the bottom behind.

Wherever a white man moved, bullets whistled through the brush or plowed up the dust. All hands

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PAH-UTES ON THEIR WAY OUT FOR TRIAL WITH GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT. THE TWO MEN AT THE ENDS ARE GUARDS; POSEY IS WEARING THE GOGGLES; TO HIS LEFT IS HIS SON, JESS; TO THE LEFT OF JESS, SMOKING A CIGARETTE, IS TSE-NE-GAT; AND TO HIS LEFT, WEARING A NEW WHITE HAT, IS POKE.



A CALL TO HIGH DESTINY

By GEORGE Q. MORRIS

General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.

THE M. I. A. CALLS ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN TO KNOW THE TRUTH AND LOVE IT; TO TEACH THE TRUTH AND LIVE IT BEFORE ALL MEN. IT CALLS YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN TO A REALIZATION OF THE SIGNIFICANT FACT THAT SO FAR AS THE THINGS OF GOD ARE CONCERNED, THEY ARE NOT TO GO INTO THE WORLD TO BE TAUGHT, BUT TO TEACH THE CHILDREN OF MEN THE THINGS WHICH HAVE BEEN PUT INTO THEIR HANDS BY THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD, AND THAT THEY THEMSELVES ARE TO BE TAUGHT FROM ON HIGH AS THEIR LIVES SHALL PERMIT.



GEORGE Q. MORRIS

STRANGE as it may seem to this ultra-modern world, although far away in distance and in time from their former oriental surroundings, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, near the western extremity of this new western world, in the midst of an occidental civilization, we find today tabernacles of Israel, temples of God, holy scriptures newly introduced, prophets of God, apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and an organized Priesthood of God again directing the Church of Christ and proclaiming His restored Gospel to the world. This marvelous and wonderful thing has happened in our own century and country; and also in this new, free country have been Christian martyrs, a mobbed and driven Christian people, whose toilsome journey of a thousand miles through the great plains is marked by the graves of their dead.

Because the Father and the Son did appear to Joseph Smith and by him re-established in this western world the Church previously given to an oriental people, you in this vast gathering are representing a people who are a chosen people, with a peculiar mission and a high destiny. This is not spoken in a spirit of self-righteousness or boastfulness, rather in meekness and humility; but spoken withal with an abiding conviction of the verity, that this people, in the providences of God, bears a dispensation of the Gospel to the world, which is the power of God unto their salvation, and they plead earnestly with all men to share it.

The power that brought about

THE Forty-second Annual Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations was climaxed by a far-reaching broadcast over Radio Station KSL, 8:30 to 9:00 p. m., Sunday, June 13th, originating from the Tabernacle, as part of the impressive general session, and presenting in addition to the speaker, the Hollywood Stake M Men-Gleaner Chorus and the M. I. A. Hawaiian group from Oahu Stake. General Superintendent George Q. Morris delivered a strong and thoughtful statement to youth on that occasion from which is taken this "Call to High Destiny."

these glorious things is the moving and sustaining power of the Mutual Improvement Associations, which are organizations, under the Priesthood, that are ordained of God to assist in the building up of His kingdom and the establishment of His righteousness in the earth.

Ninety years ago this people were driven from the western confines of civilization, a misunderstood, maligned, and persecuted people. They came to these magnificent mountains and these glorious valleys to be far away from violence, bigotry, and intolerance. In this seclusion they built up the Kingdom of God. There gathered together, from all nations, men and women who would consecrate themselves to the service of God and their fellow men. Now

this kingdom is rapidly spreading back over the earth. Young men and women, largely members of the M. I. A., have traveled over the whole world with the message of the restored Gospel, in their fine, clean manhood and sweet womanhood, with their meekness and their faith, and in their wake have sprung up branches and missions and wards and stakes of Zion, in which is found the teeming activity that characterizes this Church everywhere. The M. I. A. is in the foreground of this advance as an instrumentality for the bringing of the Gospel to the world. One Mission President declared that in opening up new localities with his missionaries he first organizes an M. I. A. activity group, then as that increases, an M. I. A. Association, and then a branch of the Church. We now see the stakes of Zion extending from the Atlantic coast to mid-Pacific. M. I. A. activities among the people, young and old, are being carried on with signal success and with thrilling results throughout the American continent, throughout Great Britain and Europe and Scandinavia, in South America, in South Africa, in Aus-

tralia, and in the islands of the sea. The eyes and the hearts of the youth in all of these countries are turned to us. They are one with us in faith and in devotion and in service to the Church.

ALL MUTUAL classes and our activities are primarily but a means leading to an end—the establishment of the truth in the hearts of the people in the Church and in the world. It is accomplished in part through the cultural activities and pursuits of the M. I. A., those activities which answer the aesthetic and the social needs and desires of the human soul. It is in these activities and associations that the M. I. A. program carries the spirit of God to the hearts of men and women and plants there a testimony of the Gospel. Through its varied classes and activities it develops their faith, their powers, their abilities; enlarges and enriches their lives and leads them to faithful service in the cause of God.

The M. I. A. calls all the young men and women of the Church to rise to their high destiny; to know the truth and love it; to teach the truth and live it before all men. It calls all young men and women in the Church to the realization of the significant fact that so far as the things of God are concerned, they do not go into the world to be taught, but rather to teach the children of men the things which have been put into their hands by the power of the spirit of God, and that they themselves are to be taught from on high as their lives shall permit; that it is their privilege in the midst of all the confused and murky thinking extant in the world to stand immovable upon the rock of God's truth and see through the errors of men, so that they may advance with independence of thought to the higher and freer realm of this truth and escape the narrowness and bondage of spiritual doubt and error. It calls them to the realization that as "righteousness exalts a nation," so it will exalt an individual, that nothing can bring such an individual ultimate defeat, and that to serve God humbly and faithfully is truly intelligent and truly great. It calls them to the realization that disbelief is not disproof, that to sin wilfully indicates a lack of intelligence and is truly weak, that great secular learning may go hand in hand with great religious understanding and devotion, that great achievement in the affairs of men is consistently linked with a full measure of devotion to the service of God; it charges

them that though they accomplish all that may be achieved in the world and receive all rewards and honors that may be bestowed by men, unless they hold to the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is their heritage, that they have failed; and finally, that the conclusion of the whole matter is that to fear God and keep His commandments is the whole duty of man.

There are sinister powers in the world whose aim is to subvert the morals of men and to destroy their faith in God. There is being taught to the youth, particularly of the old world, the deadly doctrine of atheism. But here in this new world has dawned a new light; in the midst of the mountains of Ephraim is a great organized movement whose aim is to bring to the youth of the world the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood; to bring to them a knowledge of the true and living God, to declare to them the restoration of the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Its motto is "The Glory of God Is Intelligence." Its young men will follow the admonition "be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Its young men and women in the face of all opposition will attain their high destiny. In this organization the teaching as to the virtues and as to faith are the same for both young men and young women, and both will steadfastly hold to the lofty ideals so beautifully expressed in this year's inspired pledge for the Gleaner Girls. It may well be classed as a modern Psalm. In its essence and intent it applies equally to both men and women, young and old.

"From my gleanings I shall bring a clean body—nothing forbidden shall enter it—no corruption shall touch it. It is my surety of eternal joy.

"I shall bring from my gleanings a pure heart. From it shall flow high ideals, pure thoughts, clean speech, righteous actions. By the pure eye of faith I shall see God.

"From my season's gleanings I shall bring an humble, obedient spirit.

"I shall obey God's laws with delight.

"I shall honor my womanhood.

"I shall intelligently, diligently, and prayerfully perform my duties. I shall know God.

"From my season's gleanings I shall bring an honest mind.

"I shall not bear false witness.

"I shall speak truthfully.

"I shall honor my word.

"I shall learn the truth and the truth shall make me free.

"Thus bearing my four-fold sheaf, I shall hope to ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place; then shall I receive the blessings from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of my salvation."

May God abundantly bless the youth of Zion.



The LOG OF A EUROPEAN TOUR

*With President Grant
and the Centennial Party*

By LUCY GRANT CANNON

Of the General Presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A.



PRESIDENT GRANT, LEAVING SALT LAKE CITY, IS HERE BEING WISHED A PLEASANT VOYAGE BY PRESIDENT CLARK WHO LATER JOINED THE CENTENNIAL PARTY IN EUROPE.

home. He was busy attending to last minute details. Among them was the wrapping of several pictures which he was taking to Dr. Herman Kretschmer of Chicago, the physician who operated on him several years ago; George B. Vilas, General Superintendent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad; and others. Our family went early to the train but father arrived just a few minutes before time of de-

parture. Hundreds of people had assembled to say goodbye to him, Brother Hugh B. Brown, and others of the party. The train was about ten minutes late in leaving, so he had an opportunity to speak personally to many.

When we finally started, I said to Sister Clarissa Beesley: "Does it seem real to you? Do you feel that we are on our way to Europe?" And she replied that she could not realize it.

As I sat on the stand in the Tabernacle at the Sunday afternoon session of June Conference I noticed before me one of our ward members, an Englishman; his wife and another couple were beside him. Sister Ruth May Fox was speaking. She expressed her great pleasure at being permitted to return to visit her native land. She had left England as a child of eleven. She said all her life she had longed again to travel the green lanes of England and to see the beautiful green fields with

their buttercups and daisies. As she was speaking, Brother Burton K. Farnsworth who was sitting by me whispered: "See those English people in front; they have tears welling in their eyes." I had been watching them. They were trying hard to hide their emotion, but finally one brother pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The gesture said to me: "I don't care who sees me cry; I love England," and for a few moments my mind was trying to catch the picture which I was sure he was seeing. I knew his mind was traveling with Sister Fox and resting on the scenes of his childhood. How true are the words of the "Old Oaken Bucket": "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!" I felt almost selfish in the thought that I was the one who was going to England, when hundreds of people were longing so much to see their native land.

Tuesday, June 15.

The train trip was very enjoyable. Never before in my trips East had I seen the country so beautiful—partly due to recent rains. I wondered how it would be possible for the green fields of England to be lovelier than the green fields we were passing through—great stretches planted to corn, potatoes, and grain; now and then forests of hardwood trees; mountain meadows covered with wild grass, yellow mustard, blue gentian, bachelor buttons, iris, wild roses, sweet peas, and other wild flowers we could not distinguish—all making a beautiful picture.

At Chicago President Bryant S. Hinckley and Sister Hinckley and President William A. Matheson met us at the station and helped us transfer from one depot to the other.

Wednesday, June 16.

After an hour and a half in Chicago we were on our way again. Embarking was interesting to those

Monday, June 14, 1937.

WE BEGIN OUR JOURNEY

ABOUT two months ago father called me on the phone. He said: "When would you rather go to Europe?" I replied that if it was satisfactory to him I should prefer to wait until after the M. I. A. Conference in June. He said that would suit him as he would like to be home for June Conference also. We therefore decided to leave from Montreal, Canada, via the Canadian Pacific on the *Empress of Australia*, which sailed June 16. It necessitated our leaving Salt Lake, Sunday, June 13, at 6:30 p. m. Thus we were unable to attend the final session of the Conference.

I am very happy we were able to be present at the meetings of the Conference. The three days were crowded to overflowing with splendid activities. After the Sunday afternoon session of Conference, father's children gathered at his

of us who had never been on a sea voyage. The train pulled right up to the dock. There stood the steamer all clean and white. Uniformed officers by the score were lined on each side of the gangplank. Father was met by Mr. Annable, the general agent for the steamship company, who took him in charge and walked with him to his stateroom.

The vessel is a beautiful one in all its appointments: large lounges or sitting rooms on each deck, dining rooms with tables spread with beautiful linen, silver, and glassware, each table being decorated with cut flowers and also electric lights and artificial flowers. The ship is able to supply about all one needs: shops, libraries, barber and beauty stores, gymnasiums, all sorts of amusements and games. Every afternoon and evening a movie is shown. Table tennis is popular. Matinee and evening dances are held.

As the ship began to move, most of the passengers went on deck, and from ship to shore great strings of serpentine were thrown.

Mr. Annable had father transferred from his original cabin to The Royal Suite. The Royal Suite is the one that royalty, if it were aboard, would occupy. The suite consists of three rooms: bed room with twin beds, couch, chairs, three large, full-length mirrors, beautiful wash basin with large plate glass mirror and nickel trimmings, dressing table, and chairs. The walls are covered with a silk tapestry. Each room has commodious clothes closets. There is a luggage room leading from the bedroom; also a bath room, and a diningroom, which for me was converted into a bedroom, and a sun parlor. The sun parlor has paneled walls, all painted with a leafy scroll. The ceiling has a conventional design of birds. The light fixtures in the rooms are quite elaborate. There are lights on the ceilings and also on the side-walls.

Thursday, June 17.

When we opened our doors this morning we found two notices: one called us to an "Abandon Ship Muster Station Exercise" (Dick Bennett took a picture of us with our life belts on), and the other was the program for the day.

This afternoon the sea was a trifle



rougher than when we were on the river. We came into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We went to our cabins and lay on the beds just as a precaution. Father did not go down to dinner, but the rest of the party did. We had a good night's sleep. The passengers seem very quiet and seemingly are enjoying the trip. There is considerable less smoking than we expected. The men smoke a pipe or cigar now and then but not continually. We have seen very few cigarets.

1:30 p. m., Friday, June 18.

WE HAVE been in the iceberg region all day. About twenty were sighted this morning. They are within a mile or so of the steamer. They look like small blocks of snow, some of them shaped like animals.

The ship prints a small newspaper of about 8 sheets daily. There are people on every hand to serve us. A special deck steward who prepares our steamer chairs, wraps us in rugs, serves us with broth and crackers at 11:00 a. m., light refreshment at 4:30 p. m., answers our questions, and helps us in any way he

can. At our service in the cabins are a steward and stewardess. They care for our cabins and bring any food or conveniences necessary for our comfort.

Wandering around the boat is very interesting. The topmost deck has the lifeboats, the Captain's cabins, and the bridge where the officers in charge of the vessel stand watch night and day. Provision for all sorts of deck games is made. The decks descend, "A", "B", "C", and "D". On each of these decks are cabins, lounges, libraries, reading rooms, shops, barber shops, and information desks. All the first-class cabins have access to a bathroom adjoining the cabin, with hot and cold salt water from the sea.

As one steps out on "A" deck one sees a copper plaque right by the door. It reads:

Presented to the R. M. S. *Empress of Australia* by the passengers to commemorate the heroic work performed by Commander S. Robinson, R. N. R., and all the Officers and Crew in saving the lives of all on board and rescuing the survivors of the earthquake and fire which devastated the district of Yokohama, September 1, 1923. This ship, for nine days a veritable haven of refuge, sheltered and succored thousands of homes and wounded.

The ship has an interesting history. It was originally a German ship, just about half completed when it was taken over by the British as spoils of the World War. It was finished by them and was used for years on the Pacific before it was transferred to this ocean. First-class passengers dress in their evening clothes for dinner each evening. We spend almost three hours at the table every day. It would be quite irksome to be at the table that long at home, but here it is quite a diversion.

Saturday, June 19.

We have had another day of calm weather. Brother Joseph Anderson assures us that when the President is aboard we can count on good weather. Few of the passengers are sea-sick. Some of us, however, have been very quiet during the day.

Three of our party had the misfortune to have their trunks delayed, so they have not been able to have

(Concluded on page 517)



FIRST PRINCIPLES



By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

President of Brigham Young University

IN THESE DAYS WHEN ALL SORTS OF FANTASTIC THEORIES REGARDING GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, AND CONDUCT ARE BEING ADVANCED, IT IS PARTICULARLY DESIRABLE THAT WE DETERMINE FIXED POINTS WHICH WILL HELP US IN CHARTING OUR COURSE OF ACTION.

IF YOU should happen to find yourself on the beautiful campus of the Brigham Young University, the chances are that your attention would not be attracted to an inconspicuous landmark under your feet. You would doubtless be admiring the productive valley toward Utah Lake, or you might be standing in awe at the rugged beauty of a series of snow-capped mountain peaks extending from enchanting Timpanogos on the north to stately Nebo on the south. You might even be entranced by the many beauty spots surrounding the campus itself: the Maeser Memorial building, the Heber J. Grant Library, the Brimhall building, each framed in verdant loveliness; or the vine-clad buildings of the lower campus below, with all their fine traditions.

These things would probably so stir you that your reverie would prevent you from noticing that right under your feet was something that might lead you to contemplate some of the fundamental verities of the Universe.

This unobserved object is a firmly imbedded granite block into which is securely fitted a brass disc about three inches in diameter. You learn from the writing on the disc that this is a magnetic station of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

When we gave permission about fifteen years ago to a representative of the government to establish this station in the lawn on the point of University Hill, he explained that it was necessary to secure some points that could be determined with the greatest accuracy. These stations have become fundamental

points of reference by which, during a long series of years, any shift in the direction of the magnetic field might be determined.

For many generations the magnetic compass has been used as a guide for direction. The surveyor on mountain and in forest, the navigator on the high seas, or the explorer in unknown lands, has relied on this instrument to tell him which direction to go. It has been, and it continues to be a most useful instrument, but it may play strange tricks. In areas where certain magnetic ores are found, it cannot be relied on without constant checking. The amount of deflection of the needle from the true north must be determined for each general area, and it has been found that this is not absolutely constant. This makes necessary the establishment of stations to study over a long period of years any shifts that might take place in magnetic direction, so that absolute relations may be known as to places on the earth as well as the relation of these places to celestial bodies.

The magnetic station on the B. Y. U. campus is particularly good since direction can be so well established from many exact points far and near. To the north there is a ledge of rock on Mount Timpanogos; to the east is a point on Luna's Nose, to the south Mount Nebo gives an exact location. To the southwest and northwest are points on the Tintic and Mercur mountains. Nearer by are the flagpole on the tower of the lower campus, a tower on the Third Ward Chapel, a chimney at the old woolen mill, and when the station was established there was a tower on the tabernacle.

This latter has since been altered, so it no longer serves. This change shows the necessity of having many points of comparison, since all the works of man may be altered, and even a point of rock on a ledge might be shaken down by earthquakes. Too much care cannot therefore be taken in establishing these stations, which are the foundations on which other measurements are based.

Not only in magnetic declination, but in all of the relations of the physical, social, and political world it is necessary to have a few definite, ultimate points of reference, or first principles, from which comparisons may be made. In chemistry and physics we refer to molecules, atoms, electrons, or protons; in social relations we must have a fundamental moral code; in government we must have constitutions or their equivalent foundations on which to rear the structure of rights and laws.

This general rule, which requires definite and fixed points of observation, and something reliable to tie to, applies just as much in evaluating religious institutions as it does in checking the magnetic field, the structure of matter, or the basis of business and government.

IF WE are to be sure that we are traveling in the right direction we must have our compass checked with known fixed points on foundation principles. In their journey the Nephites had the Liahona which was kept checked by the One who was guiding their course. Today we have no such physical instrument, but we do have definite first principles or observation points by which we can determine whether or not our course in religious activity is in harmony with the course set for the Church by Him who is at the helm.

Let us imagine ourselves at a magnetic observation station checking the compass by which our course is to be guided. There are certain mountain peaks and steeple towers which can be sighted to help us determine the deflection of our needle, or in plainer terms, to help us determine whether or not we are in harmony with the fundamental teachings of the Church.

Let us consider briefly a few of the most outstanding of these fundamental principles. The first and greatest of them is belief in God: not a mythical, indefinite, ethereal nothing, but a real Personality of Intelligence who is verily our Father in Heaven, and who guides the destinies of the human race and controls the elements by which we are surrounded.

A second fundamental observation point or first principle is belief in Jesus Christ as a divine Personage, the One designated by the Father to carry out the plan of redemption here on earth. We must think of Him, not just as a very great and good man as other men are, but rather as the key link in the Gospel plan of salvation. We must recognize His part in the pre-existent plan for man's advent on earth; we must understand the significance of His earthly mission; and we must look to His position in the ultimate redemption of the human family.

For the Latter-day Saints the Prophet Joseph Smith is a specific point of focus that is only a generation or two away. Through the revelation that came to him in our own dispensation we have clear and definite points to which we can tie. As a result of these latter-day revelations we are not restricted to those messages that were given long ago in a different language and which, though clear at first, may have had their meanings dimmed by translations and errors that are so likely to

creep into records kept as were many of those in ancient times.

Thus, the Latter-day Saint, in checking his compass, will find modern revelation a very satisfactory point of observation. No one who does not hold to the divine mission of Joseph Smith has any right to class himself as a Latter-day Saint.



DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

If he cannot accept this first principle he should find some other affiliation.

Going hand in hand with belief in Joseph Smith comes the acceptance of the Book of Mormon as scripture divinely brought forth to supplement other scripture in giving us a clearer vision of the plan of salvation.

When we focus our attention on God's great plan itself, we find a few first principles that are very outstanding. One of these is the idea of continuous revelation, by which we mean that God has not shut Himself off from His family. Certainly a father who had any interest in his children would not condemn them to a state of non-communication with him. Mormonism has as one of its cardinal principles the idea that God continues to answer the prayers of

those who pray to Him in faith, and that He inspires His leaders to conduct His Church in a way that will be for the best interests of His work here on earth.

ANOTHER important landmark is that man, himself, is susceptible of infinite growth and progression, and that the very purpose of his earthly existence is to make such progression possible. If the development of man is so important, he must keep himself free from those influences which would impede his growth. The cankering effect of immorality and the blighting hand of intemperance thereby become more than mere physical handicaps; they have a powerful effect on spirituality, and, therefore, means to shun them should be given a prominent place in religious teachings. Willingness to support the work of the Lord with material means must likewise not be neglected.

To lead the kind of life that will promote spirituality in all of its finer implications is another important view for the true Latter-day Saint. Mere belief is not enough; it must be supplemented by proper living. Otherwise, it would be as if a person who intended to make a journey through trackless forests should take every precaution to check his compass, and then turn and smash this guiding instrument before he started. In order to make a successful journey of life it is necessary to keep our compass in good working order, and then follow the direction it indicates.

In these days when all sorts of fantastic theories regarding government, religion, and conduct are being advanced, it is particularly desirable that we determine the first principles or fixed points which will help us in charting our course of action. The Latter-day Saint is especially fortunate in having many of these definite points of comparisons to keep him from being stampeded off his course.





BY
JACK SEARS

*Nationally Known
Illustrator and
Cartoonist, Uni-
versity of Utah
Art Department.*

TO LOVE one's work is not all sufficient. To organize oneself to work efficiently is absolutely necessary. For a good workman, no matter whether he be one of the many professional men, or whether he be a mechanic, his first consideration is good tools with which to do good work. Any professional artist you might talk to could relate to you his experiences with budding youth as they watch him at work. The novice will invariably in his enthusiasm cry out: "What make of pen do you use?" or "What special pencil do you use to make such smooth clean lines?" and "That paper is no doubt of a special kind made just for you."

Seldom are materials made for one special artist, but, of course, artists do use special papers, clays, and other materials, because they know them to be good. Even with the best of materials, a real workman does not hesitate to do all the research work necessary—to consult authorities for facts. The indifference manifest towards the subject in hand by some art students is appalling. Students frequently assert out loud that they desire to follow art as their life's work, yet they neglect to get proper tools and seldom get their subject in hand because they are too lazy or too indifferent to work.

Once in New York I saw an art student who was trying to draw a span of horses pulling a loaded wagon. He would draw, then rub out, redraw and rub, rub, rub. There he was, working and fuming and fussing. I said to him: "If you will only turn your drawing table around and look out of that window, you can see, only one story below, scores of loaded wagons passing by, pulled by the very horses you desire to put in your drawing."

I have also seen artists who have struggled with the drawing of a right

hand in the act of writing and wondering how a hand looked, when the very answer was before them—their own hands holding a pencil.

Show me any successful man, or woman, and I will show you workers who toil long and hard, early and late. I will also show you those who never watch the clock for fear of working overtime. There is no overtime: no seconds, minutes; hours, days, weeks, months, or years for those who love their work and who do work in earnest.

Often I listen to the radio stars, those who have hit the high spots—those who are the real successes and put on no side bluff. As I listen, I vision many, many years back in these now successful artists' lives, and I know that many of these successes of today have tasted of poverty, have sacrificed, have been denied many of the fine things of life; and, too, these same successes of today have in the days gone by, taken odd jobs, anything they could get to keep going; and, too, I know that many of these shining lights of today, have had failure after failure and have "taken it on the chin" time and time again. It was not just luck that has put them several cuts higher than others, for the most of them have worked courageously.

ONLY a few years ago I had a young lady ask to join my art class. She said: "I want to become a great artist. I feel I am cut out to do great things. I do not feel I should start where many students do; I want to begin as a top notcher."

I asked if she had studied very long and inquired if she had done much sketching. "Oh, no, I have made but few sketches, but I've seen lots of things I should like to draw,



HE WOULD DRAW, THEN RUB OUT, REDRAW, AND RUB, RUB, RUB.

and some day when I am not too busy I'll turn out some fine work."

I showed this young lady sketches covering several subjects and she said: "That's just the kind of work I wish to do—just as good as those, and you'll see, if I once get going, I'll surprise you by doing some great work."

Well, true to her type she never "got going" and never will, because she spends more energy in avoiding work than it takes to do work.

Gentleman Jim Corbett's interest in boxing never waned, but he was often disdainful of modern methods and modern fighters.

"They toss most of them into the ring now before they are properly trained and experienced," he once remarked. "Most of these boys don't know anything more than the rudiments of ring science. I worked for hours when I was young, to perfect a single movement in the ring. I used to get up at six o'clock in the morning and work on the wrist machines while the rest of my campmates were asleep. I practiced for months on the blows that beat Sullivan."

At fifty-eight years of age, James J. Jeffries, former world's heavyweight champion, paused in his ranch duties to mention a number of things he considered wrong with the fight game today.

"Most of the fighters won't train," said the grizzled veteran of many a tough battle between 1896 and 1910. "Too many of the managers know nothing about boxing except to take their cut at the gate, and the athletic commissioners do little or nothing to make the boxers put up a good fight. Why, when I went into training for a fight I did miles of road work in the morning, played handball or baseball in the afternoon, and then took a couple or three hours' workout in the ring each day. I was so tired by that time that I was ready to go to bed at eight or nine o'clock and didn't have any desire to go out and chase around at night. The other fighters did the same thing. When we fought we took pride in our own ability to knock the other fellow's head off, and that's what we tried to do. There wasn't any hokum like giving a logical contender the run-around. We took 'em as they came. A lot of times nowadays, when I referee a fight, I think the boys don't care much whether they get licked or not. They're in there just to get their money. I've been about ready to throw some of them out of the ring, but you have to think about the public paying to see a full fight and you hate to stop a bout."

The LONELINESS OF ALCES

By CLAUDE T. BARNES

AMID THE lodge-pole pines of the forested slopes of the North Fork of the Snake river and on the willowed meadow at the mouth of Lake Creek, Alces made his home. It is a region of virgin loveliness; through the untainted atmosphere the snowy peaks of Yellowstone Park, a few miles eastward, show with telescopic distinctness.

It was a clear July day, the time when this high district blossoms with vernal freshness and beauty. Alces stood knee deep in water amidst the thickest of the meadow's willows; and though a fisherman occasionally detoured through the pines of the hillside, Alces remained quiet and hidden, the loneliest moose in all the Idaho wilds. Not only did he seem alone but also unique among all the animals of that region noted for its variety of wild life. Never did a horse have legs so long, never a wapiti a face so Roman-nosed, misshapen, and homely, and never a mule deer such mammoth size. He was nearly ten feet long and almost seven feet high at the shoulders. His neck was rigid with stiff, erect hairs; his upper lip protruded over the lower; and from his throat hung a mass of hair like a bell. Though in general he was a blackish-brown color, his rump, shoulders and necksides were grizzled with gray, his under parts were black, the inside of his legs and their lower portions, gray, and his feet black. His great, palmated antlers, now in the velvet, stood out from his ugly head like a pair of coal shovels.

Pestered by deer flies Alces sometimes stood in such deep water that only his head and antlers showed above. Often at daylight he waded into the river to feed on water lilies and other succulent plants; at such times he would scan the river shores for a moment, then sink his head to the very bottom of the clear water and bring it up with a mouthful of food. After eating his fill, he would

**THE TRUE STORY OF A BULL
MOOSE WHO ONCE FORGOT
HIS MANNERS.**

meander back to the willows, lie down, and chew his cud.

As he lay in the willows, an otter occasionally ventured near, pine squirrels whistled in the bordering evergreens. There seemed to be no large animals about: the grizzlies had all gone either to the upper glades of Sawtelle or to Yellowstone Park; black bears were common but they lay in the underbrush of the upper hills in the daytime and had no liking for willowed swamps at night; mountain lions were too sneaking ever to be seen and too cowardly ever to attack him; and the mule deer that he saw occasionally in early morning at the river wandered far back into the woods during the day. Truly Alces was as lonely as a deserted ship at sea.

THERE were only a few human beings who ever ventured into Alces' willowed sanctum; one was Rilter, the keeper of a sportsmen's clubhouse down stream. Rilter handled a canoe as well as a northern Indian; and in search of the ever-wary trout it was his custom to pole silently into the very midst of Alces' retreat, where the pools were too deep for waders and the banks too willowed for shore fishing. This day in my silently floating boat I, also, had become an intruder into the domain of the lonely moose.

When Alces saw me, the great animal splashed loudly out of the water and with a long swinging trot broke through the willows like a locomotive run wild. Branches snapped, young trees bent over, and bushes gave way before the fleeing monster. In order not to trip himself, Alces spread his hind legs so wide that they missed the front ones and all in all he made a noisy but speedy retreat.

I had been greatly surprised; but



as time went on and mutual confidence arose, Alces would merely walk slowly out of sight as my canoe occasionally appeared. Rilter, who spent the long white winter in that neighborhood alone, told me that he appreciated Alces' presence, knowing that during the lonely days to come, the sight of anything at all friendly would in a measure alleviate the boredom of his voluntary exile. We agreed to call the animal "Alces."

As I floated silently toward Alces' retreat this particular day, I was casting nearly fifty feet of line. Suddenly in the brush directly ahead the huge bulk of Alces arose, and the great ears twitched at deer flies as the mammoth beast quietly gazed at me. Pleased at this increasing friendliness, I continued to cast; and it was not until a hooked trout thrashed the stream in its efforts to escape that Alces walked away.

I observed Alces with a deep interest, and poled the boat close to the willows to see what the big animal did. It seemed unafraid of me, and in walking away it straddled and rode down a clump of willows, stopping to browse on the tender new tips, which it manipulated cleverly with its gross upper lip. Then as it approached the meadow it

(Concluded on page 526)

CEDAR CITY POINTS THE WAY

IN THE CHURCH-WIDE BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT

HERE COMMUNITY EFFORT AND NATIVE MATERIALS HAVE PRODUCED A THING OF BEAUTY FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD AND THE USE OF MAN.

THE First Ward Chapel at Cedar City is a splendid example of teamwork. Here the resources at hand have been harnessed to a people's eagerness and this team has been intelligently driven. The result is an achievement outstanding in the field of community building. Not alone the idea—others have had such—but the successful completion of the purpose, to build a house of worship with their own hands from the materials around them, says "It can be done, today, even as it was in Pioneer times." In this case an ideal proved economically sound. Bishop Franklin B. Wood and members of the committee, as well as all who reside in the ward, deserve much credit for this remarkable achievement. It is no wonder that tourists by the thousands stop yearly to visit this chapel.

It took courage to plan and start a chapel during the darkest days of the depression. Money was extremely scarce, but there was plenty of labor, and of materials—in their own back yard. The needs of the community for play and study and worship have all been considered and adequately provided for.

The outside of the building is of beautiful split stone. Most of the rocks were brought from the creek bed a short distance away. Each stone was split, thus exposing a clean surface, the many and varied colors of which give an incomparably beautiful effect. Many of the stones have a history. Some were sent from far places by tourists who, seeing the walls going up, were

By IRVIN T. NELSON

*Of the Churchwide Beautification
and Improvement Committee*

inspired by a desire to have a part in this building. President William R. Palmer of the Parowan Stake relates how one day he and a visiting Lutheran minister stood watching the workmen. "How I should like to have a stone in that building," said the minister. "You may," said

A CLOSE-UP EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CEDAR CITY FIRST WARD CHAPEL. NOTICE THE BEAUTIFUL DETAIL OF THE ROCK WORK. ON EACH SIDE OF THE DOOR AND ABOVE IT THERE IS PERFECT BALANCE OF STONES. MANY HARMONIOUS COLORS GIVE THIS CHAPEL A CHARACTER SELDOM SEEN.

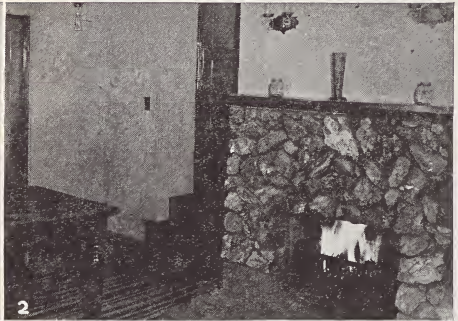


President Palmer. So they went into the canyon and the minister searched until he found a stone which he thought worthy. Though he lived far away he has been back to Cedar City to pick out his stone and see how it looks in place in the wall.

The building inside is finished in polished red cedar. The effect is unique, and most pleasing. The simple lines employed in the design are in excellent harmony with the pronounced light and shadow of the wood. It was George A. Wood who conceived the idea of using cedar. They had no money with which to buy the finishing lumber. "Have we cedar in our mountains that could be used?" asked he. To the mountains they went. The trees were cut and seasoned. A sawmill was set up. Skilled hands carefully put the pieces in place. It is said that this is the first place of worship to be entirely finished in cedar since Solomon's Temple.

The beautiful carpet which covers the floor of the chapel as well as the Bishop's room is made from Cedar City wool and was manufactured in Utah. The light fixtures are made from the iron that has played such an important part in making the history of this community. The top of the Sacrament table and the pulpit are surfaced with in-laid cedar wood arranged by local workmen in beautiful patterns.

In India a floral offering to a god is acceptable only when the flowers have been tended and cared for by

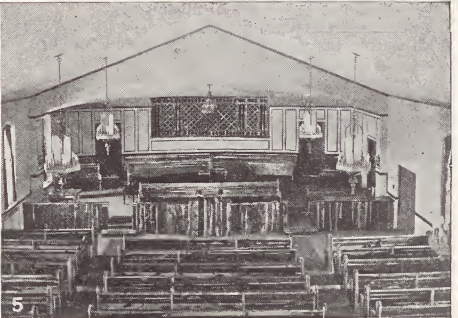


the one who makes the offering. Those people realize that the best worshipper is the one who gives himself. Much more has gone into the Cedar City Chapel than the actual stone and iron and wool and cedar. It is a part of these people. Their hands have labored. They have created beauty. They have made their house of worship their very own. The boy who contributed the yearly clip from his lamb to go into the carpet will not feel himself a stranger here when he comes to worship God. The girl who sewed a

ball of rags for the carpet in the balcony is able to understand and love her pioneer grandmother a little better. Perhaps a man polishing cedar wood with his brothers has been able to discern more clearly the grain of men's souls and has come to appreciate his brothers for their variance as well as for their similitude.

Where could we find a better place to expound brotherhood than working shoulder to shoulder to advance God's purposes and to make our surroundings in ordered beauty a little more like His?

1. THIS INTERIOR CLOSE-UP IN THE RECREATION HALL SHOWS SOME OF THE LOVELY CEDAR WOOD DETAIL. NOTE THE BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS AND KNOTS, AND CONTRAST IN SHADE. IF THE PICTURE WERE IN COLOR ONE WOULD SEE A RICHNESS AND DEPTH IN COLOR AND FINISH THAT IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE.
2. BISHOP'S ROOM, CEDAR CITY FIRST WARD CHAPEL. THE STONES IN THE FIREPLACE ARE DISTINCTIVE. THE WOOL IN THE CARPET WAS GROWN ON CEDAR CITY SHEEP. THE TABLE TOP, BEAUTIFULLY INLAID, AND THE ENTIRE TABLE IS HOMEMADE.
3. EXTERIOR OF THE UNIQUE NATIVE STONE CHAPEL, CEDAR CITY FIRST WARD, SHOWING TREES OF PIONEER TIMES. THE SAME CLOCK WHICH WAS ON THE OLD TABERNACLE. THE FLAGSTONE STEPS OF THE OLD TABERNACLE PRESERVED IN THE FLAGSTONE (NOT CEMENT) WALKS, THE CURB AND GUTTER OF BROKEN STONE TO MATCH THE BUILDING (THIS PROVIDES LABOR AND AT THE SAME TIME SAVES MONEY). THESE STONES WERE BROUGHT FROM THE CREEK BED. (SEE ARTICLE). THE ARRANGEMENT OF CLASSROOMS, CHAPEL, AND OTHER ROOMS IS IDEAL. SHINGLES WERE SELECTED TO HARMONIZE AND SUPPLEMENT THE ROCK WORK. A LITTLE MORE PLANTING IS YET TO BE DONE HERE.
4. RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM, CEDAR CITY FIRST WARD CHAPEL. HERE AGAIN ARE SEEN TASTEFUL DESIGN, SKILFUL WORKMANSHIP, AND NATIVE MATERIALS.
5. INTERIOR, PULPIT, CHOIR LOFT, AND AUDITORIUM, CEDAR CITY FIRST WARD CHAPEL. THIS CEDAR FINISH IS JUST NOT SEEN IN ANY OTHER PLACE! THE CEDAR TREES ARE FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE EAST (SEE ARTICLE). IRON IN THE LIGHT FIXTURES IS FROM THE IRON MINES A SHORT DISTANCE TO THE WEST.



HIGHLIGHTS

A PICTURE PORTRAYAL WITH VERSE AND MUSIC, PRESENTED AT THE SATURDAY MORNING SESSION OF THE M. I. A. JUNE CONFERENCE.

Staged by Josephine M. Goff.
Music Continuity by Eugene Halliday.
Vocal Music by Rilla Wilson Peterson, Jessie Evans, Harold Barber, and Albert Southwick.



"WINTER QUARTERS"

Posed by Sylvia Cannon and Fred G. Taylor, Jr.

WE GLORY in the story of the path
Our fathers made across this land
As, deeply in the earth, they etched
With iron-rimmed wheels
And weary feet
A hallowed trail.



We will not let the silent, sleepless years
With storm, with dust, with seed,
Wipe out all trace of freedom's pilgrimage.
Time shall not dim
The memory of those hosts of noble dead
Who sleep in unmarked graves.
With marble, bronze, and stone in beauty wrought,
We tell a lasting tale
Of triumph builded on adversity.
Through the annals of that glorious trek
From Mississippi's bank to fair Salt Lake
Came inspiration to a sculptor's soul.
His magic fingers
Make more real
The tragedy of death
And the triumph of true faith.
Nauvoo the Beautiful!
The cherished city of the Saints!
Oh, how it crushed their hearts
To leave those well-loved homes
And flee before an angry mob,
To see the night illumined
By the flames devouring the temple,
More cherished than their lives.



Scattered, wandering, worn,
They took the westward path.
Wearily on Missouri's bank,
They paused to gather strength.
There as by magic over night
A prairie city grew.
So many souls to shelter from the storm!
So many mouths to feed from scanty store!
All through the long, cold, winter months
Disease and death gleaned from their ranks
Until a brave and martyred host
Slept in a lonely city of the dead.

—Rachel Grant Taylor.

AND NOW, in marble beauty, we
Pay tribute to you, pilgrims of the plains;
In memory enshrined forever you will be;
Your pain, your loneliness, your steadfast strength,
Though it should be the whole wide world in length;
The hope that bade you follow where it led,
Though it should cost the vanquished and the dead.
O noble heroes, faith has reached new heights,
And sacrifice becomes a fairer flower:
Since you have given the world this sacred sight
Of sorrow borne courageously this hour,
God gave you strength and courage to endure.
No one in any hour need ask for more.

—Christie Lund Coles.



IN MARBLE

By RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR
and CHRISTIE LUND COLES

DEATH did not deter that valiant host,
Their hopeful eyes were ever turning to the West—
A mighty people in the mountain tops—
A prophet had declared their destiny!

Impatiently they waited for the spring
While every thought turned to the time
When they could venture forth
To find their promised land:



A land beyond the bounds of prejudice and hate
Where they might live in peace
And see their cherished dreams come true!
Homes, churches, schools, good soil to till
And where upon the ashes of a sacred memory
A greater towering temple should arise.

When spring had lifted winter's heavy hand,
The time was ripe,
And joyful Saints with faithlit, longing eyes
Watched their leader and his vanguard band
Fade into the spacious, unknown west.
The tread of oxen, the turn of wheels,
The march of their triumphant feet
Blazed what was then a sparsely traveled trail
Into a deep-etched, silver road
Linking the East to West.

—Rachel Grant Taylor.

BY TENS of thousands, fearless Pilgrims came
All seeking freedom's right to worship God.
Their path was beaten through a prairie land,
Through desert wastes, o'er mountain heights.
Six thousand lost their lives along that way.
The prairie trail was marked with rock-heaped graves.
Sagebrush and sand with torrid heat,



"TRIUMPH OF THE WEST" (NEW FRONTIERS)
Posed by Fred G. Taylor, Jr., Sylvia Cannon, and David Lindgard

Or snow and rain with frigid winds opposed.
Their tents and wagons were but scanty cover from the
storms.
Still slowly and steadily the caravans moved on and on.
Courage did not die.
Like a light it led the fearless Saints.
Yet 'mid trials came joy
As by campfire at eventime
They joined in dance and song.
Their steadfast faith assured the victory
That always comes with truth.
Those years were filled with gripping tales
Of courage and of sacrifice,
Of death and sorrow made endurable
By living flames of perfect trust and faith.

—Adapted from "The Trek of Pioneers," Anna Johnson.

AND NOW the sorrow and the loneliness,
The weary pilgrimage is at an end.
The conquerors of earth and elements
Of doubt and inner fear and man's disdain
Stand glorified, immortal evermore,
Heroes before God and man,
With faith triumphant.
Defenders of the things that we
Must ever strive to keep inviolate.
We are their heirs, our priceless heritage
Is something to be treasured beyond wealth.
How will we carry on for those who died,
For those who gained their goal at such a cost?
Will we forsake the faith, and lose the dream?
Or will we as the modern pioneers
Against the enemies of sin and doubt
Be true, be loyal, and be worthy still?

—Christie Lund Coles.



*The thirst of a desert
was quenched, and
the faith of men was
justified —*

WHEN WATER CAME TO HURRICANE

AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE, RENOWNED IN THE ANNALS OF IRRIGATION HISTORY, WHEREIN MORE THAN A DECADE OF TOIL AND SACRIFICE BUILT A CANAL AND A GARDEN COMMUNITY WITH LITTLE CAPITAL AND NO GOVERNMENT AID.

By RICHARD L. EVANS

BEGINNING in a sheer, rock-walled canyon of the paradoxically calm and turbulent Virgin River, four miles above La Verkin Bench and twenty miles from the entrance to Zion National Park, is a canal eight miles long, nine feet wide, and four feet deep, into the making of which went years of human brawn and heartache, faith and resolution, and out of the making of which have come two thousand fertile acres, a prosperous community

TOP: SAND GATE; SECOND: CAMPSITE AND FIREPLACE USED BY CANAL BUILDERS; THIRD: CARRYING WATER ACROSS IMPROVISED TRESTLE; FOURTH: SIDEHILL CEMENT LINING OF RECENT CONSTRUCTION; FIFTH: HURRICANE CANAL "CLINGS" TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

Photos by R. D. Adams

of a thousand souls, and unforgettable lessons in human determination, cooperation, and self-reliance.

Viewed from the standpoint of currently accepted engineering principles and practices, this far-famed canal, heralded in government irrigation publications, has little to recommend it. Its brief course is strewn with many unsound and incongruous situations. It tears its way through nine tunnels of conglomerate rock. It hangs to sheer cliffs in precipitous defiles two hundred feet above safe footing. It crosses porous rock fills and impro-

HURRICANE BENCH (1904) BEFORE "WATER CAME TO HURRICANE."

Photo, Courtesy Mrs. Bernard Hinton



vised trestles. It flows through poorly supported banks, thinly gouged out of side-hill rock-earth debris.

Theoretically, and practically too at times, this life-giving stream leaves much to be desired. But, the Hurricane Canal has these eloquent facts to recommend it: honest, home-loving, hard-working men and women toiled more than a decade to see it through! Those who built it, and their children and their children's children, are reaping the benefits! It was built without government aid and almost without capital, and for more than thirty years has carried water to a desert-surrounded garden spot on which has grown a prosperous and independent community of people with good lands, noble traditions, fine schools, churches, and homes!

Such is the recommendation of the Hurricane Canal, which feeds and nurtures the community of Hurricane on Hurricane Bench, Washington County, Utah. What more, indeed, could be added to its credentials!

The story of the Hurricane Canal goes back to early Utah times. In the late fifties and early sixties, when Brigham Young was calling colonists to settle Utah's Dixie country, some of these strong and faithful men and women found their way to what are known as the upper settlements of the Virgin River. These well-watered strips of land in Virgin Valley grew into small com-

munities — Rockville, Toquerville, Springdale, Grafton, Virgin, La Verkin, and others—as the succeeding decades of the nineteenth century came and went.

But river bottom land was limited, and the peaceful-looking, evil-acting Virgin River freakishly and relentlessly inundated or undermined fertile fields on her indiscriminate spring and flood-time rampages. Families were growing. New settlers were arriving. Finding new land or moving out were the only alternatives. These people loved their homes, their heritage, and their families. New lands must be the answer. Large fertile desert tracts were near by. Water was in the Virgin River. Taking water to the higher lands was the problem, and the Hurricane Bench appeared to be one of the most desirable sites for irrigation.

Erastus Snow is reported to have given some thought to this problem and its solution, and as early as 1865 he sent John M. Macfarlane to survey the situation. The report returned at that time was unfavorable to Hurricane Bench development.

SUBSEQUENTLY, other surveys were made at irregular intervals of years, but no seemingly feasible

LOOKING DOWN THE VIRGIN RIVER FROM HURRICANE CANAL DAM; SECOND: CANAL TRESTLE EMERGING FROM A TUNNEL; THIRD: TUNNEL AT CHINATOWN WASH; FOURTH: INTAKE, WHERE THE HURRICANE CANAL MEETS THE VIRGIN RIVER, WATERMASTER WM. HINTON STANDING BY; FIFTH: MR. AND MRS. THOMAS ISOM STANDING BY HURRICANE, FIRST HOUSE; SIXTH: CEMENT WORK "HANGING" TO SHEER SIDEWALLS; BOTTOM: LOOKING UP THE VIRGIN RIVER FROM HURRICANE DAM.

Photos by R. D. Adams



Tuesday, July 11, 1893, 7:30 P. M. a majority of the foregoing names met in the Toquerville Hall. The object of the meeting was to appoint three delegates to meet at Virgin City with delegates from the up river settlements, to effect a temporary organization for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of diverting the waters of the Rio Virgin and conducting the same through a suitable canal to the Hurricane Bench for culinary and irrigation purposes.

On motion, William A. Bringham was called to the chair and Thomas Flannigan was elected secretary.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon, Hans Anderson and James C. Duffin were appointed said delegates.

On motion, that the said temporary organization consist of a committee of not less than five, including the chairman and secretary.

Also, that it is the sense of this meeting that the said committee be empowered to levy an assessment of five per share; 5 cts. to be paid at once before the commencement of the survey, and 2 cts. when it is completed, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

On motion, adjourned sine die.

Martin Slack, Sec.

Wednesday, July 12, 1893, 10:00 P. M. the delegates representing these places, met on the bench known as the Hurricane Bench convened at Toquerville for the purpose of doing some business preparatory to commencing work on a ditch to take water to the said bench.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon was elected chairman and Thomas Flannigan, secretary.

The chairman stated the business of the meeting.

It was moved and seconded that a temporary organization be effected consisting of a president, secretary, and three directors as an executive committee, to see to the surveying of a site for the above mentioned ditch, etc., carried.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon was appointed president, Thomas Flannigan, and James C. Duffin, John A. Workman and Charles A. Workman, directors.



TOP: A GROUP OF HURRICANE RESIDENTS WHO WORKED ON THE CANAL, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE NEW HURRICANE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING; SECOND: WATERMASTER WM. HINTON; JAMES JEPSON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF HURRICANE CANAL; AMOS WORKMAN, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL INCORPORATORS; MRS. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, AND DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE; BOTTOM: JAMES JEPSON AND AMOS WORKMAN STANDING IN FRONT OF ONE OF MR. WORKMAN'S HIGHLY PROFITABLE PECAN NUT TREES.

REPRODUCTION OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE HURRICANE CANAL COMPANY'S RECORDS.



solution was found until July, 1893, when a group of citizens from the Virgin River settlements met in Toquerville and appointed a committee of six to go through the Virgin River Canyon and once more consider whether or not this diversion project was possible.

The committee consisted of J. F. Willis, Martin Slack, and Levi N. Harmon of Toquerville, James Jepson of Virgin, Hosea Stout of Rockville, and Thomas Flannigan of Springdale. After their survey they met at Sulphur Springs on the Virgin River at the base of the geologically famous Hurricane Fault.

They were much discouraged, but in the face of necessity decided to report favorably, despite the seemingly almost insurmountable difficulties. The report of the first meeting follows, as quoted from the original Hurricane Canal Company records:

Tuesday, July 11, 1893, 7:30 p. m. a majority of the foregoing names met in the Toquerville Hall. [Some near hundred names of Virgin Valley citizens preface the record.] The subject of the meeting was to appoint three delegates to meet at Virgin City with delegates from the up-river settlements, to effect a temporary organization for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility of diverting the waters of the Rio Virgin and conducting the same through a suitable canal to the Hurricane Bench for culinary and irrigation purposes.

SHOWING DIFFICULT "CLIFF-SIDE" WORK ON CANAL

Photo, Courtesy Mrs. Bernard Hinton



On motion, William A. Bringham was called to the chair and Martin Slack was elected Secretary.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon, Hans Anderson, and James C. Duffin were appointed said delegates.

On motion, that the said temporary organization consist of a committee of not less than five, including the Chairman and Secretary.

Also, that it is the sense of this meeting that the said committee be empowered to levy an assessment of five cents per share; three cents to be paid at or before the commencement of the Survey, and two cents when it is completed, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

On motion, adjourned sine die—

(Signed) William A. Bringham, Chairman.

Martin Slack, Sec.

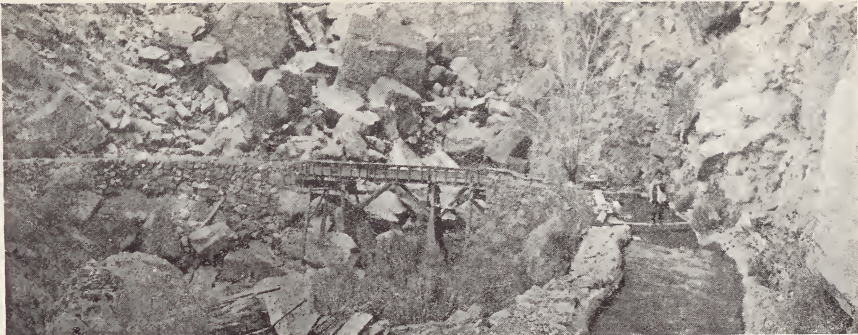
Moving quickly, now that the long-discussed project was beginning to take more definite shape, another meeting was called four days later, minutes of which follow:

Saturday, July 15, 1893, 4 o'clock p. m. the delegates representing those desiring land on the bench known as the Hurricane Bench convened at Virgin City for the purpose of doing some business preparatory to commencing work on a ditch to take water on to the said bench.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon was elected Chairman and Chas. A. Workman, Secretary.

The chairman stated the business of the meeting.

It was moved and seconded that a temporary organization be effected consisting of a president, secretary, and three directors as an executive committee, to see to the



surveying of a site for the above mentioned ditch, etc., carried.

On motion, Levi N. Harmon was appointed president; Martin Slack, Secretary, and James Jepson, John A. Wood and Charles A. Workman, directors—

Moved and seconded that the executive committee be empowered to levy a tax of three cents per acre, to be paid in advance, and two cents per acre additional, if required, to pay for surveying said ditch site, carried—

Moved and seconded that it be the sense of this meeting that each member of the Board call a meeting in his respective district or settlement and make a report of the result of the survey, carried—

On motion, adjourned—

Charles A. Workman, Secretary.

More than a month transpired, and then came the surveyor's preliminary report:

Friday, August 25, 1893, 8 o'clock, p. m., the stockholders of the proposed Hurricane Canal, residents of Toquerville, met in the Public Hall—Levi N. Harmon, presiding—

The president stated the object of the meeting, which was to hear the report of the Executive Committee.

The Secretary reported that the Co. Surveyor had made the preliminary survey for the proposed Canal, the length of which would be about seven and one-half miles; a fifteen foot dam would be required at the head; about two thousand acres of land can be irrigated; the land is of the best quality; it would be difficult to give an approximate estimate of the cost of building the Canal, until the Surveyor makes the final survey and estimates; nearly one hundred members are enrolled—

On motion, the report of the Committee was accepted—

On motion, that we prosecute our labors in building the Canal—carried.

On motion, that the Company incorporate, and that we appoint a committee to draft articles of Incorporation, to meet with a like Committee from the up-river settlements, carried—

On motion, that Martin Slack and Wm. A. Bringham be said committee—carried.

On motion, adjourned—

Martin Slack, Secretary.

SUCH was the determined and businesslike beginning of the Hurricane Canal Company, which was incorporated September 1, 1893. Actual work commenced that same

year, but the end of this labor was much farther in the future than the stalwart people of Virgin Valley supposed. Physical difficulties; legal difficulties; heartbreaking disappointments and hope-killing discouragements came one upon another, year after year for more than a decade before toil and sacrifice were rewarded with the realization of a long-cherished dream.

Nearly a hundred men subscribed to the stock of the company which was issued in blocks of not to exceed twenty shares each. Each share entitled the stockholder to one acre of land with primary water right and an equity in a town lot. Both fields and town lots were distributed by

"CHINATOWN," WHERE NATURE CONSPIRED TO DEFEAT THE HURRICANE CANAL PROJECT, BUT FAILED IN THE FACE OF PIONEER DETERMINATION.

an equitable system of drawing so that no favoritism was shown.

The length of the proposed Canal was marked off into stations of four rods each and stations were assigned to shareholders for working out stock payments. Work-credit for the different stations varied according to the difficulty of the construction. Some stations involved solid rock work while others required only loose rock and soil handling.

(Continued on page 521)

ABOVE: HURRICANE CANAL SIDEHILL CONSTRUCTION AND ROCK WORK, SKIRTING A STEEP BEND; BELOW: THE DAM AND THE INTAKE IN DEEP AND SHEER VIRGIN RIVER CANYON.



Editorial

On "Unionism"

AT a special meeting of the General Authorities, the General Auxiliary Boards, and the General Security Committee of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held Friday, July 2, beginning at 7:30 a. m., President David O. McKay of the First Presidency made the following statement on the attitude of the Church concerning "unionism" and the "closed shop":

"We are facing a crisis. You brethren and sisters should know the attitude of the Church regarding efforts of some so-called labor organizations towards coercing members of our Church into unions. I think we need not quibble. We have no apology to offer. It is un-American when five per cent of this nation attempts to force ninety-five per cent along a particular line of action. It is undemocratic. Yet that is just what is being attempted.

"I sympathize with labor, too. So do you. We are in favor of paying the highest wages that the employer or the business man employing labor can afford to pay. There is nobody in this Church who wants to cut down wages, but we do resent the un-American attempt to say, for example, to one of our young boys who has given two years of his life to the Church and who has returned to work: 'You can't remain on this job unless you pay the dues and join our union.'

"It isn't right. No matter what difficulties we may face, let us stand for what is right. I repeat, it is not a matter of reducing wages; it is just a question of having individual liberty to work as well as to 'worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.' We will make no discrimination against a man who is or is not a member of a union, but request that a good day's work be given for compensation received. No man shall be discriminated against in regard to these things."

Free Agency and Cooperative Effort

TWO THINGS are fundamental in the Church of

Jesus Christ, and, as with all true principles, between them there is no conflict, even though there are some who, in their selfishness, would wish to make it appear so. In all the realm of truth there is no principle more basic than the free agency of man—involving the right of the individual to choose and act as he will, so long as he does not infringe upon the right of any other individual to do likewise. Involved in this principle is the very essence of the Gospel plan. It was the issue of the "war in heaven." It marks the line between individual initiative and stupefying regimentation. It is the very sum and substance of the eternal progress of a human soul. Such is free agency.

Equally fundamental, even though perhaps not so specifically and directly stated, is cooperative effort. It is implied in such scriptural injunctions as: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Let every man

esteem his brother as himself." To develop his creative powers and grow in intelligence a man must serve—and he must serve someone other than himself. Therefore he must necessarily be engaged in some cooperative effort, because of such is the occupation of serving others.

This spirit of cooperative effort and the reasons thereof, were humanly and eloquently stated in an epistle of the Twelve, addressed to the members of the Church in Europe back in 1842. We quote from it briefly:

"... Now comes the concert of action: if the Church will arise unitedly—if the brethren will individually feel that the great work of the Lord is depending on themselves as instruments, to assist in carrying it forward, and will unite all their means, faith, and energy, in one grand mass, all that you desire can speedily be accomplished. A short time only will elapse before you yourselves will be astonished at the result, and you will feel that your desires are more than realized. While the Saints are united, no power on the earth, or under the earth, can prevail against them; but while each one acts for himself, many, very many, are in danger of being overthrown.

"God has promised all things to those who love Him and keep His commandments; then why be afraid that one should get a little more than another, or that one should gain, for a little moment, what another might lose, when Jesus has promised that the faithful shall be one with Him, as He is one with the Father, and shall possess all things in the due time of the Lord; not by stealth, not by force, not by the sword, but by the gift of the Father, through faithfulness to his commands. . . .

"Had we means, we would not ask your aid. We would gladly send the ships of Tarshish to bear you across the great waters; we would bring you to our homes; to our firesides; we would provide you habitations, lands, and food, when you arrive among us. Our hearts are large enough to do all this, and a great deal more; but we have not the means. We have to labor for our own subsistence, as well as attend to those things which are laid upon us of the Lord, and which concern the whole Church as much as ourselves. It is not the will of heaven that anyone should be put in possession of all things, without striving for them. . . .

—*Millennial Star*, Vol. III, pp. 17-20.

A century has not dimmed or retracted these promises and obligations. Selfishness is abjured. Envy is outlawed. Honest effort as a prerequisite to the rewards of life is restated, and "concert of action" is invoked. "While the Saints are united no power on the earth or under the earth can prevail against them." And there is nothing on earth or in heaven that a Latter-day Saint can want in righteousness, but what he can have, "if the Church will arise unitedly—if the brethren will individually feel that the great work of the Lord is depending on themselves as instruments, to assist in carrying it forward, and will unite all their means, faith, and energy."

Such is the ultimate aim of the Church Security Plan, and of all the activities and agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the individual salvation and exaltation of all men through the exercise of an intelligent free agency which chooses to direct its voluntary efforts toward a common divinely appointed end.—R. L. E.

The Church Moves On

PRESIDENT CLARK LEAVES FOR EUROPE

ON JULY 15, President and Mrs. J. Reuben Clark sailed for Europe to join President Grant for the British Centennial and to visit the European Missions.

NEW MISSION PRESIDENTS

GERMAN MISSION

ALFRED C. REES has been appointed president to serve in the German Mission. President Rees has long been active in the Church, at the time of his calling being a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union, and having served on the Board since 1920. He formerly served in the Swiss mission field from 1899-1902, where for one year he acted as secretary of the mission, during which time he compiled a history of the Church in the German language. Upon his return he served as teacher, superintendent, and stake board worker in the Sunday Schools until called to be a member of the General Board of Sunday Schools. Four of his five sons have already served in the mission field; the fifth will accompany his parents when they go.

CALIFORNIA MISSION

W. AIRD MACDONALD has been selected as president of the California Mission, to succeed Nicholas G. Smith, now first counselor in the presidency of the Salt Lake Temple.

President Macdonald has served the Church as missionary to the Southern states, as president of San Francisco stake, and as chairman of the Church Security Program in northern California until released when he received his mission appointment.

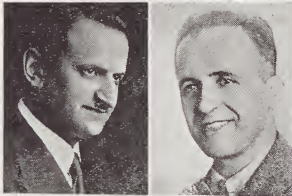
PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION

JOSEPH JACOBS has been appointed president of the Palestine-Syrian Mission to succeed Badwagan Piranian. A native of Palestine, he moved to Utah at the age of fifteen, where he has since resided.

He has long been active in the Church, having served as Sunday School stake board member, ward superintendent, stake teacher trainer, Mutual Improvement worker. For six years he was district president of the Ensign Stake Mission and is one of the presidency of the 124th Quorum of Seventy.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS

TRACY Y. CANNON has been appointed second assistant to Elder Melvin J. Ballard, chairman of the Church



LEFT OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSION, WHO SUCCEEDS NICHOLAS G. SMITH.

music committee, to succeed the late Edward P. Kimball. N. Lorenzo Mitchell has also been named to this committee as secretary, to succeed D. Sterling Wheelwright who has been named Church organist at Washington.

Both men have long served the Church in musical fields. Elder Cannon, now director of the McCune School of Music and Art, was formerly one of the Tabernacle organists. He has been a member of the Sunday School General Board since 1917. Mr. Mitchell has been active with Mr. Cannon in conducting a series of music institutes for the stake and ward choristers and organists.

CORRECTION

THOMAS E. McKay served as a member of the Weber Stake Sunday School Board, but acted in the presidency of the Ogden Stake upon the division of Weber Stake in 1908. He has served as president of Ogden Stake since 1919. See July Era, page 434, for President McKay's appointment to the German Mission.

Sunday, June 6, 1937.

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Chapel in the Idaho Falls Third Ward, Idaho Falls Stake.

(Concluded on page 503)



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME ARRIVED JUNE 21—DEPARTED JULY 8, 1937

Left to right, bottom row: George Thatcher, Seth Alder, Rebecca Darley, Marie Larson, Pearl Tribett, Phoebe Robinson, Blanche Baylis, Gwen Williams, Wallace Winder, Mark Lyman.

Second row: Clark Hamblin, Antone Raenbergs, Ethelen Lloyd, Myrtle Winger, Doris Pratt, Lillian Jensen, Beth Swain, J. Harold Call, Richard Shurtliff.

Third row: Clare Brown, Thomas Ewell, Rodney Tew, Vera Dunn, Stella Edvalson, Ruth Merrell, Eva Johnson, Robert Halladay, H. F. Pieper, Loy Watts.

Fourth row: Owen Owens, Homer B. Quist, Marion Stoddard, Mabel Peterson, Loretta Stitt, Dorothy Herron, Claude Kirkland, Clifford Bagley, Eldon Jones.

Fifth row: Mont Kenney, Grant Merrill, Grant Greenhalgh, Willis Nielson, Ferra Young, Norlene Buchmiller, James Hadlock, Uel Hunting, Rulon Moon, Adalbert Lott.

Sixth row: Ivan Hatch, Brent Richards, Howard Schmutz, Eric Ryberg, J. Bennion, Sherman Brinton, Dennis Lauper, Harold Balls, H. Luke.

Seventh row: Merlin Yates, William Carver, Glen Bott, Harold Brown, Herman Lynn, Earl Harris, J. Dunn, David Butler, Harold Hanson, Henry Christensen.

Eighth row: Kenneth Ozgawalla, Carrol Williams, Briant Smith, Burke Smith, Roger Brown, Norman Seibold, Paul Lambert, Clifford Young, Charles Alt.

Ninth row: J. Fletcher, Grant Johnson, Nile Chugg, Scott Smith, Miles Wallace, Norman Welker, Burton Miller, Wayne Bloomquist, Earl Olson, Murray Foutz.

Tenth row: Eugene Krantz, Raymond King, Howard Anderson, Finley Wilkinson, Arcel Lunt, Thomas Wilding, Wesley Emery.

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Jones

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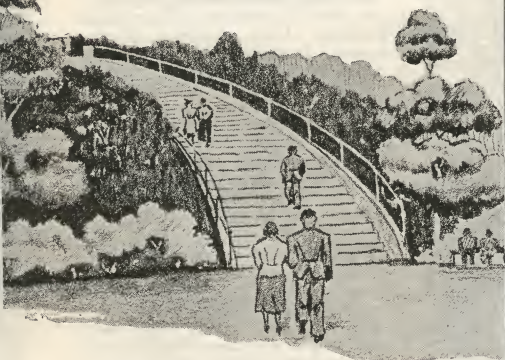
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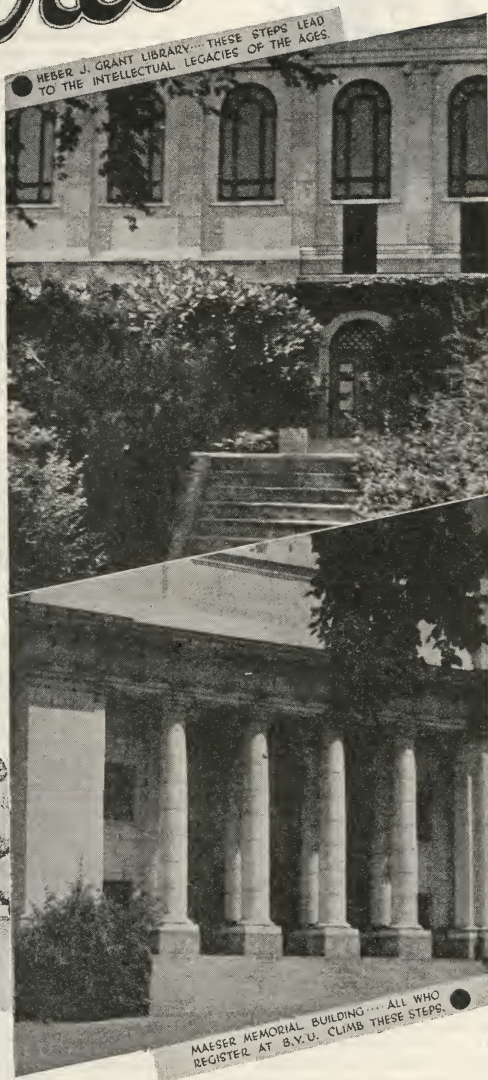
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PROVO, UTAH

I WASH MY DUST CLOTH

BY
ARMSTRONG PERRY



MOTHER washes her dust cloth. I tried it because I wanted to learn the secret of the peace and contentment that comes to the older generation through keeping busy with tasks that seem unimportant.

It is only a quarter of a yard of cotton flannel and cost but two cents. I said to myself, Why bother? Then suddenly it began to inspire thought and bring visions.

I thought of the cotton fields full of bursting bolls, white as snow, with negroes singing as they filled their burlap bags. Behind that I saw the plowing, planting, chopping, the slow-moving mules driven by black boys whose disposition, sometimes, seems to be like that of the mules. In the further distance I saw Eli Whitney working on the invention that brought cotton cloth within the reach of even the poorest.

The cotton gin, in which the seeds are separated from the fibre, rose in my memory. The oil being pressed out and used in thousands of kitchens to grease griddles and tins where appetizing flapjacks and biscuits are baked. Some of it becoming medicine. Cattle on thousands of farms and ranches munching the cake made from the residue. The fibre, in heavy bales, starting on long journeys leading to many lands.

The cotton mills in New England I remembered. French Canadians with black eyes and blacker hair laughing as they worked at spinning jennies and looms. The bleacheries and finishing plants near by, the great trucks carrying thousands of

IN AN accompanying communication the author writes: "In my childhood, waste was sin. My parents used to tell me of the stark want that added to the horror of the war between the states. The post-war depression still hung over our Pennsylvania home. . . . Years afterward, I learned that there had been days when my Mother did not know where the next meal was coming from, but that her prayers were always answered. No scrap of food was wasted. Every bit of material was put to some use or given to someone who would use it. Mother is still active, at the age of eighty-four, and thrifty as ever.

"The habit of thrift formed in these circumstances led me to plan and work for independence. I was 'broke' but once. While visiting a city cousin I spent all my money at a picnic, then found a job stuffing horse collars and earned my car fare to go home.

"As a writer and lecturer I have encouraged thrift. Our natural resources are dwindling so rapidly that we may be in want within two or three generations. Unless personal thrift is developed there is not likely to be much governmental thrift.

"My wife saved two dollars of my salary the first month of our married life. Now, thirty-seven years later, we have security without appealing to our government.

"I see no economy in buying labor-saving devices and then wasting the time that they save, nor in burning gasoline to save walking and then paying doctor's bills for the lack of exercise. There is more fun for me in making a garden and chopping wood than in hiring someone else to do my work and then paying someone to amuse me in idle hours.

"Health is wealth and thrift preserves it. While some of my fellow townsmen were telephoning distress calls to officials, pleading that they were snowed in and entirely out of cigarettes, I was bucking a roaring blizzard and not caring a whoop because trolleys, busses, taxis and railroads were out of commission.

"Thrift is a game, with more exercise, recreation, sociability, personal development and altruism in it than I find in any of the sports that are so over-developed for the purpose of selling equipment and services. Sometimes thrift demands saving, sometimes spending. Just now it demands of me that I accept a most alluring invitation to visit Venezuela and join an exploring party. In going with me as far as a woman can, my wife feels that she is reaping her reward for that first two-dollar deposit in a savings bank.

"Thrift has not required of me, thus far, that I yield to those who implore the public, in print and on the radio, to increase personal and public debts.

"Armstrong Perry,
December 5, 1936."

bolts of cloth to freight depots and wharves. The wholesale and jobbing houses and the retail stores through which this quarter-yard of cloth eventually reached me, passing through the hands of many salespeople, making "paper work" for stenographers, accountants, executives.

And I remembered what that piece of cloth might have meant in other places and under other conditions. In Rumania during the World War, when mothers bore and raised babies without a square inch of any kind of fabric—living naked in caves. In frozen Lapland, where furs are plentiful but cloth is scarce and new-born infants have only little strips of it between their tender skins and the coarse hair of animals whose hides are used in making blankets. In our own country, at Valley Forge, where American heroes suffered for the lack of handkerchiefs, towels, stockings, underwear, during that long, desperate winter, in order that our country might be free from oppression by a foreign power.

Even in my mother's home during the War of the Rebellion, that quarter-yard of cotton would have been valuable. Prices were high, money scarce. It was then that she formed the habit of making wash cloths, dish towels, and dust cloths out of old sugar sacks, and carpet rags out of bits of cloth too small to be used for other purposes. She does it yet, to keep her hands employed as she sits in her arm chair dreaming of the past, listening to the radio, planning things to do for her grown-up children.

THE TWO cents my dust cloth cost me is earned by many men and women in less than one second of work. But that fabric represents the genius and the labor of many men and women who stood on their own feet as loyal Americans, willing to work, never thinking of asking their neighbors or their government to carry the responsibility for feeding and clothing them or their families.

I came to the wooden bread plate, souvenir of my childhood home. There looked up at me as of old the ancient motto: "Waste not—want not." It reminded me of the burden

(Concluded on page 527)

Poetry

VIOLIN LESSON

By Katherine Fernelius

I WILL put away my violin, now,
There is lovelier music than I play—
The raindrops are making melody outside
my window,
Silver, lilting melody,
All day.

I will put away my violin, now—
There are lessons that I, listening, can learn;
How the notes are all soft, smoothly-
rounded, and continual—
Rain-notes, falling in my garden-urn.

THE FRIEND

By Kathrine Hymas Williams

I F I have made a cap that fits you,
Wear it for a while
There may even better judge
The rightness of its style.

If I have held the mirror up
So you could look within,
Am I not still a kinder friend
Than other friends have been?

MY BABY'S HANDS

By Della Adams Leitner

MY BABY'S hands, how soft they press
My own in clinging sweet caress,
So pink and white, like rosebuds fair;
Such bliss as this is heaven to share;
It fills my soul with tenderness.

Before he came I could but guess
This joy supreme, and now I bless
All motherhood. Such love they bear—
My baby's hands.

And every day I find that less
Of worldly thoughts and selfishness,
Impatience, fret, and weak despair
Within my heart gain lodgment there.
They've brought me strength and happi-
ness,
My baby's hands.

REFLECTION

By Margaret Coray

I LEAN far out beyond the ledge
And look into the pool.
The water's blue—
But not the blue of just itself.
It gets its color from the sky.
I drop
Some tiny pebbles in.
They plop
Into the water,
Then make thin
Rings, growing wider
Till they reach the edge.
And so might I
Make rings upon the pool
When I sink out of sight.

A WESTERN SUNSET

By Robert I. Burton

THE mountain crest embraced the sun's
last ray,
As loath to loose a loved one soon to die;
The vanished sun inscribed the epitaph of
day
In molten script across the western sky.

Like tired oarsmen, gulls in measured flight,
Winged wearily their way o'er sodden
fields—
On sheltered shores sought refuge for the
night,
To test the magic pow'r that Morpheus
wields.

The drowsy drone of insects died away,
And peaceful calm enveloped dale and hill;
A subtle change proclaimed the dying day;
The hum of toil was hushed and still.

Like elfin dancers poised on pointed toe,
All nature paused 'twixt day and night,
As undecided yet which way to go—
Toward the dark—or toward the light!

In dulcet tones the music of the spheres,
More sensed than heard,
Sang harmonies attuned to nature's ears,
And, deep within, her inmost soul was
stirred.

Eternity met time through tiny slits,
That stars, like dagger points, had stabbed
Through Heaven's darkened dome.
Thus ended day, and night was come.

YOUTH

By Annie Wells Cannon

COME, dear, and watch the shadows play
Among the hills,
While far away the thrushes sing
In cadent trills.

When love is young,
How happily life's songs are sung.
The misty clouds—youth heeds them not;
There's laughter in each passing thought.
So hand in hand, love leads the way
Along the flowered paths today.
Tomorrow may some darkness bring,
But what cares youth when thrushes sing!



PORTRAIT

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

SHE BORE her grief with all of Spartan
pride
Although her soul groped through a rayless
dark
Of agony and heartbreak. When he died,
Her faith in God seemed lost; and stark
Reality of death all life belied.
But when her faith, certain and unafraid
Returned, assuaging sorrow she had known,
A quiet peace upon her soul was laid.

Her heart fires burned where household
goods were kept
While years of service made their stern
demands,
Till life was still in frost . . . then while
we wept
Above her muted lips and marbled hands . .
Inscrutably triumphant over clay,
"All is Eternal Life," she seemed to say.

SUMMER SHOWERS

By Carmen Malone

THE SUN is dimmed, the skies grow gray
With clouds, on-rushing, swift;
A drop of moisture falls into
My out-stretched hand—a gift!
I breathe deep of the damp, cool air—
The scent of raindust plain—
A flash, a rumble come, and then
The skies melt into rain!

As quickly as it comes, it goes,
But drooping flowers raise
Wet faces to the firmament
And sweetly give it praise.
Dear Lord, I, too, would give of praise
Just as the freshened flowers;
My heart brims like a too-full cup
With thanks for summer showers.

A SYMBOL

By Winnifred J. Mott

GREY and green is my grandmother's
shawl.
Clear are the colors as clear can be,
Dimmed is her picture on the wall,
Dimmed by the years her memory.
Still, when in grief or weariness,
'Round me her quaint old shawl I fold,
Somehow it comforts my distress;
Somehow it warms an inner cold.
Symbol of her it is to me.
Nor comes its warmth from wool alone.
'Round me her love, protectingly,
Now, as in stormy youth, is thrown.

SKY RIDE

By Melvin James Burke

DAY
Saddles the sun
And lazily lopes along the sky-way—
Pushes through snow-white clouds
Like a ship at sea riding the tide;
When journey's end is done,
Dips beyond the horizon
Into night.

YOUR ENERGY TANK AND MINE

By PEARL UDALL NELSON



ONE day while talking with a patient, a bone-weary college graduate, I drew an artless picture of something which off-hand I had just spoken of as an "energy-tank."

Tritely enough I had told my brilliant patient that she "must slow down, shut off the nerve leaks, store some energy, and recapture her vitality." I studied her tired face and drooping body and recalled her bubbling childhood and then her college days with their round of "A" grade work and merriment that had "burned her candle at both ends." Suddenly I saw her as an adult, old beyond her years, and half vehemently I exclaimed, "My dear, what have you done to your health? You have no reserve left in your energy-tank."

"Energy-tank" I repeated to myself and decided I liked the term; it seemed to hold possibilities in our discussion a little different from the over-worked phrase about one's "account in the bank of health."

As we talked on, I drew what was supposed to be a hollow sphere to represent my new simile. This sphere, I said, might stand for the energy of any given individual at any given time. An opening was made in the top of the sphere as an inlet for the energy stored in the tank from Nature's universal and inexhaustible supply. The walls of the spherical tank it seemed would

of necessity be alive and elastic according to the quality and quantity of energy stored within it.

Somewhat arbitrarily the sphere was divided into horizontal thirds; the lower third stood for energy kept in reserve as a safeguard to health, energy to be used in emergencies only and then to be quickly restored by extra care and rest; the middle third stood for energy used in daily activity, even strenuous activity over a limited time, and it should be automatically restored by a good dinner, some recreation, or a night's sleep; the upper third stood for energy used in mere vegetating as in childhood or on occasions when Nature demands a rest.

Our conversation paused here and my friend's face reflected regret, then mischief as she said, "Well, I have been foolish, but at least I have lived, not merely vegetated as many people do." Being in a literal mood I maintained she might have lived even more abundantly without depleting her reserve had she known and obeyed the laws that govern storage and conservation of human energy. I expressed a deep regard for the opinion of people who tell us that our demands on Nature bring supplies of energy equal to our needs within sense and reason.

We discussed the laws of storage and conservation of human energy and decided the inlet to our energy-tank must be kept open and free for the intake of that priceless stuff

that keeps us fit. We enumerated physical habits and mental attitudes that help or hinder in keeping the inlet and the intake normal. Then we turned to a consideration of the use of human energy and of the "how" of using it. For the graphic effect we placed taps, spigots if you prefer, at various levels around the tank, saying that through these taps we draw upon our energy and that they should open and close at will if kept in repair. If allowed to leak aimlessly, beware! Nerve exhaustion may be lurking around the corner. We recalled that Cabot says, "Men live by work and play and love and worship." We reasoned that under normal conditions these mediums of expression: work, play, love, worship, react on the natural inflow of energy in such a way as to result in an automatic process of storing energy, using it, and restoring it; a process that lasts as long as life endures. Thus, ideally speaking, our energy tanks become living fountains that are ever receiving energy and ever giving it out; fountains that should never grow stagnant and that often bubble over in the joy of their own abundance.

SO FAR my diagram expressed fairly well my idea of—shall I say—balanced living? However, the "tank" looked unstable floating in midair. It was not suggestive of good mental hygiene. Then an idea came and the precious tank was anchored to a tripod which in turn rested securely on a base we called reality.

The three legs of the tripod were drawn even in length to prevent the tank from tipping and thus making of the inlet a spillway of waste. The legs were named respectively, physical health, mental training, and spiritual integrity, the latter to include emotional stability. Lucky the

person who has been given by parents and teachers a normal start in life,—an even development physically, mentally, and spiritually. For fun, just here, we placed a French heel on the physical leg of the tripod and chuckled over the result, a ludicrous unbalance. Other unbalances produced by artificial means or by the dwarfing or over-developing of any leg of the tripod might be equally disastrous but far less amusing. The perfect poise and charm which we all desire can only be attained by symmetrical development.

My friend and I reasoned further that each adult becomes his own mechanical engineer and can repair or even rebuild his "energy-tank," which after all stands only for his way of living. The better his start has been the easier his job, though his ultimate success is not discouragingly dependent on his early beginning. Being his own mechanic he has the power to recognize his needs and supply them. Often he may need to consult the doctor, the teacher, the spiritual leader, and, in all reverence, his God, the Provider of all energy, the very bounty of which is an enduring challenge to make use of it.

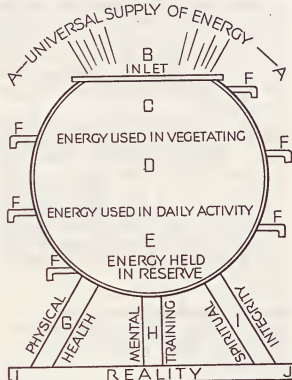
Here follows the diagram of "your 'energy-tank' and mine." I hope you will like it well enough to add some conclusions of your own to my simile.

PREACHMENT ON DIAGRAM

(A)—Universal Supply of Energy flowing into tank as a result of:

I. Physical Energy derived from fresh air day and night; pure water, internally and externally; food, balanced, simple, ample and eaten in pleasantness; sunshine, at times on skin; proper proportions of work, play, and sleep.

II. Mental Energy obtained from concentrated mental effort to gain



information from people, Nature, books; from any effort to apply wisdom gleaned from experience, reason, example; from the process of adaptation; from achievement in any line; from living enthusiastically.

III. Spiritual Energy obtained from learning to love God and to serve Him and one's fellowmen unselfishly; from accepting truth and beauty wherever found; from culti-

vating the power to apply in daily life the virtues we admire but find difficult to live.

(B)—Inlet to Tank:

May be narrowed and clogged by selfishness, self-pity, egotism, prejudice, ingratitude, smugness, an unforgiving spirit, playing martyr.

Keep open and free by communion with the Creator, with human beings, with Nature; by unselfishness; by humility which makes one teachable.

(C), (D), (E)—Energy Within the Tank.

(F)—Taps or Spigots:

I. Are kept in repair by using energy purposefully only; by frequently expressing happy thoughts and doing kindly deeds.

II. May become worn and leaky by useless frittering as does the dripping tap over the kitchen sink; by wrong and irregular physical habits in eating, drinking, elimination; by over-working; by carrying responsibility that belongs to others; by temper tantrums in young or old; by unduly suppressing or expressing the emotions; by hate, jealousy, covetousness, all of which are mercilessly depleting; by denying God or repudiating mankind.

(G), (H), (I)—Legs of Tripod which are:

Physical Health.

Mental Training.

Spiritual Integrity (including emotional stability).

(J)—Reality, the base on which the Tripod rests.

How is your "energy-tank" today?

CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 497)

Wednesday, June 9, 1937.

President J. Golden Kimball, of the First Council of Seventy, reached the 84th anniversary of his birth.

President Heber J. Grant sailed from Quebec for Europe where he will visit several of the Missions there. The President will participate in the centennial celebration of the British Mission.

Thursday, June 24, 1937.

The 62nd observance of Old Folks Day was held at Liberty Park. Nearly 4500 old people were present.

Friday, June 25, 1937.

Three hundred boy scouts from Utah and Idaho attended religious services held at the Sacred Grove and at the Hill Cumorah.

Sunday, June 27, 1937.

Bishop John Wells stated that the Church had increased its membership during the past year by 27,000.

PRESIDENT GRANT ADDRESSES AMERICAN GROUP IN PARIS

ON JUNE 24, in Paris, where President Grant and his party went immediately upon disembarking at Cherbourg, President Grant was guest speaker before the American Club. The address was well-liked and printed in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

LATE PRESIDENT IVINS HONORED

DURING the Commencement exercises in June, a bronze plaque honoring

the late President Anthony W. Ivins was unveiled in the library of the Utah State Agricultural College. The plaque, designed by Elder Avarad Fairbanks and unveiled by Margaret Ivins Cardon, commemorated President Ivins' seventeen years service as president of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College.

PIONEER STAKE REORGANIZED

SINCE President Harold B. Lee is fully occupied with the Church-wide Security Program, Pioneer Stake presidency was reorganized, Sunday, July 18, with Paul C. Child as president, William F. Perschon as first counselor, and Jesse M. Drury as second counselor.



On the Book Rack

THE WEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY
(By Dan Elbert Clark, New York:
Crowell Company, 1937. \$3.50.)

IN A scholarly and well-written volume on the history of the West, Professor Clark of the University of Washington has given us a work that will be well received by universities and colleges. Like Professor Frederick J. Turner, the author has turned to the larger view of American history, for he writes about the influence of the frontier on our political, economic, and social development. The West began with the settlement of the Spaniards in the southwest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which was paralleled with the explorations and colonization of the French along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. Then came the Anglo-Saxons to the Atlantic seaboard, whose descendants gradually pushed the frontier farther west during each successive generation for nearly three centuries. It is all a glorious story of pioneer life, and the final triumph of Anglo-American institutions on the continent of North America.

The pioneer was constantly beset with two problems: the Indian frontier and the reclaiming of the land. The Indians slowly receded westward before the onward march of the white settlers, but the Indians fought desperately to keep their happy hunting grounds, and it was not until the extinction of the buffaloes, that the original owners of the land settled down on the reservations provided by the government. It is all a dramatic and tragic story. The pioneer conquered the soil, and a new type of social and economic life gave rise to a political idealism, the like of which the world had never seen before. In time, the frontier produced such types as Lincoln, Jackson, Webster, Jefferson, Marshall, and many others, whose ideals of government gave meaning to the Constitution of the United States.

The opening of the trails to the far west after the completion of the Cumberland road and the Erie Canal eventually led to the settlement of Texas, Oregon, California, and the Great Basin, but this was only after the work of the trail-breakers and the final triumph of the fur-traders. Settlement resulted in the establishment of towns and cities, industries and schools, and all the permanent factors that make for culture. The development of transportation from the old water-ways to railroad shows that Professor Clark has a talent for evaluating facts and placing them before the reader with a clearness that makes him live the very life of the past. Concerning the history of Utah, we naturally feel that the au-

thor should have emphasized the part the "Mormons" played in the industrial and social history of the far West. While an author must keep his book well balanced in the writing of history, it must not be forgotten that on the morning in July, 1847, when the Mormons turned the waters of a mountain stream upon the soil after they had planted their wheat and potatoes, a new era in American agricultural life was inaugurated.

The reviewer feels that Professor Clark's book is the most outstanding since Catherine Coman wrote her scholarly work on the *Economic Development of the Far West*. Professor Clark has certainly made a fine contribution to the history of frontier America—Levi Edgar Young, *Professor of History at the University of Utah*.

RICH LAND, POOR LAND
(Stuart Chase, McGraw Hill Book Company, New York, 1936, 350 pages.)

TO A land-loving people like the Latter-day Saints, *Rich Land, Poor Land* is a book of tremendous significance. Mr. Chase makes his readers realize that man needs to work with nature if he would survive. If he does not, the author states: "She will exact a calamitous penalty, and all the laboratories, and all the machines, all the banks, will not offset it."

Before the coming of the white man, the North American continent "was rich with growing things, incredibly beautiful to look upon, wild and tempestuous in its storms and climatic changes and perhaps the most bountifully endowed by nature of all the world's continents." But by contrast of the original continent with the new, the reader is brought up short with a question as to what civilization has meant to America. When the Pilgrims and Puritans landed here in 1630, there were as today 1,900 millions of acres of lands. But what a vast difference in the distribution! In 1630, there were 820 millions of acres of dense primeval forests; in 1930, of merchantable forests, not all virgin, there were but 150 millions acres. The 50 million acres of desert land in 1630 had increased to

100 million acres in 1930. Other countries and continents have become apprehensive because of the steady march of the desert and have begun to make plans to thwart its advance. Mr. Chase stresses that the fight must be collective rather than individual.

His tribute to the Mormons under Brigham Young should serve as an impetus for us to continue the "thriving garden" of our earlier colonization.

Mr. Chase's intense interest in the situation transmits itself to the reader and makes him conscious of the debt he owes to the land and the responsibility which he should assume in preserving it.—M. C. J.

TWILIGHT OF A WORLD
(Franz Werfel, The Viking Press, New York City, 692 pages.)

ALREADY famous as the author of *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, *Twilight of a World* enhances the record of Franz Werfel. The prologue gives an analytical background of Austrian history. The author is essentially a philosopher and whatever he treats comes through his mind enriched by its sojourn there.

The book is a compilation of eight short novels and stories, only three of which have previously been translated into the English. Through all of them is woven the warp and woof which spelled the decline of Austria. The stories deal with unhappy but understandable situations.—M. C. J.

THE HIGH TRAIL AND ACTIONS SPEAK
(Selected and edited by Edwin Diller Starbuck and staff, World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York. \$.96 each.)

FOLLOWING the pattern of *Real Persons*, chosen as the Explorer reading course book, both of these books deal with people whose names have come to mean a great deal to the world. In *The High Trail* such noted people as Roy Chapman Andrews, explorer of the Gobi Desert; George Custer, the famous general whose fame is preserved in the phrase, "Custer's Last Stand;" John Muir, whose fame as naturalist has been preserved in the naming of the Muir Woods of California; Daniel Boone, the Wright brothers; and many other famous people are treated to the stimulation of young and old to greater achievements.

In *Actions Speak* such noted people as the famous Shakespearian actor, E. H. Sothern; George Washington as a master planter; Steinmetz, scientific genius; William Gorgas, physician to the world—receive their share of attention.

(Concluded on page 505)

MY PRAYER

By Amy Kemp

I DO NOT ask life's luxuries,
But wholesome, sweet simplicities:
Eyesight strong, clear, and bright,
Peace of mind from morn till night,
Vibrant health and ears that hear,
Strength to conquer every fear.

M. J. A. Reading Course Books

EXECUTIVE

THE MAN OF GALILEE
(George R. Wendling, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah. \$1.00.)

THE AUTHOR states plainly in his introduction that he began his inquiry into the supernatural qualities of the great Galilean in order to satisfy himself. As a result of his questions, he found that his inquiry made his assurance doubly strong. In the Man of Galilee, we come to realize that His was the most majestic mind the world has ever known: lucid, simple, clear, effortless, certain. The Galilean also "touches all human life at every point, in every sphere of thought, and on every plane of action."

In addition to reinforcing faith and giving insight into Christ's life and teachings, Mr. Wendling suggests through the pages of this volume enough other subjects, books, and authors that earnest people could teach themselves and broaden their horizons.

—M. C. J.

ADULT AND SENIOR

THE RETURN TO RELIGION
(Henry C. Link, Macmillan Company.)

THE REVIEW of this book appeared in the March, 1937, *Era*, page 163. What was said there is re-emphasized here. It is a book that all people will benefit from by reading.

M MEN AND GLEANERS

STEP A LITTLE HIGHER
(John Henry Evans, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1937. 136 pages. \$1.25.)

ALL Latter-day Saints will do well to read this beautifully bound volume, which will be a welcome addition to anyone's library. Two sections: "The Old Frontier" and "The New Frontier," comprise nine stimulating chapters. Part three is a challenge to live

the Gospel as it has been restored to the earth. The arrangement of the book, bringing the old and the new into vivid relief, emphasizes those virtues which as a Church we are eager to maintain.

Elder Evans, the author, is one of our best-known Church writers, having to his credit such noteworthy books as: *Joseph Smith, An American Prophet*; *Charles Coulson Rich*; *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*.—M. C. J.

"How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie was reviewed in the February, 1937, *Era*, page 108. The book is decidedly worth reading and re-reading.

EXPLORER

REAL PERSONS

(Selected and edited by Edwin D. Starbuck and Staff, World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, 1936. 340 pages. \$1.06.)

A COLLECTION of biographical sketches, *Real Persons* differs from other collections since it represents an exhaustive two-year study by eight skilled literary critics of over five thousand volumes of biography available in English. From the study three books were compiled, the other two being reviewed "On the Book Rack," page 504. *The High Trail and Actions Speak*. Considering carefully literary values, vocabulary difficulties, reading interests, the staff desired mainly to bring together biographical sketches which will stimulate right impulses, resulting in right living, on the part of those who read these books. Without moralizing, "The Secrets of Greatness," the foreword to *Real Persons*, lists for all readers, old and young, qualities which, if developed, will result in good, even as those qualities have been conducive of good among those whose stories are included in this volume.

The life of the intrepid, missionary-doctor-explorer, David Livingstone, will fire any youth to the possibilities

for good which lie in man's nature. Genuine acting such as George Arliss does will encourage Explorers to do their bit well when they enter into their special drama activity with the Junior Girls.

The stories of Helen Woodward, advertising woman and author, of Etsu Sugimoto, Japanese-American author, will impel girls and boys alike to greater activity. By introducing Walter Damsch and Gutzlun Gorglum, the stimulus will be offered to those who are artistic, and the interest of youth generally will be directed to those who are sometimes overlooked and neglected in a world where big business has too frequently crowded out artistic living.—M. C. J.

JUNIOR GIRL

NORTH TO THE ORIENT, by Anne Lindbergh, was reviewed in *The Improvement Era* for March, 1936, page 170. May we once again impress on all our readers that this is one book that no one should miss reading?

SCOUTS

COWBOY HUGH
(Walter H. Nichols, Macmillan Company, New York, 1927 and 1937. 284 pages. \$1.00.)

RIOTOUS adventure in the unfrequented prairie lands of Wyoming and Idaho teaches Hugh a genuine respect for law and order. When he had almost reached his destination, Hugh learned of the untimely death of his employer. In desperate straits, he joined another outfit and then the mysteries followed. What those mysteries were and how they were solved, Boy Scouts will be eager to discover as they read the book.—M. C. J.

BEE-HIVE GIRLS

THE SAME list which was used last year is to be suggested this year. This group was published in the *Era* for September, 1936, page 561.

On the Book Rack

(Concluded from page 504)

THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS
(Laura Thornborough, Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1937. 144 pages.)

THIS volume, dealing as it does with The Great Smoky National Park, authorized February 6, 1930, is certain to command a great reading public from those who would go traveling. In addition to the valuable information making this an exceptionally good guide book, the author has one chapter on the history of the park and the people which will prove interesting, giving as it does, the folk song of these mountain folk who have descended from stock settling in this region shortly after the

American Revolution. Also close beside the national park lies the Cherokee Indian Reservation which will invite many people to loiter within its boundaries.—M. C. J.

NEIGHBOR TO THE SKY
(Glady's Hasty Carroll, Macmillan Company, 1937. 403 pages.)

TO THOSE who found pleasure in *As the Earth Turns*, this new book by the same author will add measurably to the place she has already found in their hearts. The wholesomeness of the country landscape permeates the book, even though ambition drove one of the country people into the congestion of city life. Even in the city he retained his ability to be "neighbor

to the sky." Eventually, however, he found his way back to his own fields with greater peace for himself and a promise of being able to lead others to a more satisfying manner of living.

—M. C. J.

SLIM AND SUPPLE
(Barbo Leffler-Egnell, D. Appleton, Century Co., New York. 209 pages.)

ILLUSTRATIONS and directions make the following of the exercises listed in this book extremely easy to follow. The effectiveness of the exercises can be attested to by many people who have long been ardent advocates of Swedish exercises. Even the children of the household will benefit by the systematic arrangement which brings many muscles into play.—M. C. J.



CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

HOME-MADE MANNERS

By Emma R. Smith

HOME-MADE may be a term of approval or the trade-mark of ridicule. A home-made cake is delectable. A home-made dinner is highly satisfactory. A home-made hat, however, may be received with a cocked eyebrow. What about "that fine sense which men call courtesy?" Are home-made manners acceptable? Made in the right kind of home, they are second to none. Manners grown at home, practiced from the cradle up, are the real brand.

Manners exist because, by their use, it is easier to get along with others. Life is more agreeable when people are well-mannered. Kindness of heart, from which good manners spring, is a two-way thoroughfare: it leads from us to comfort for others and it leads back to us. Manners, either good or bad, have this peculiarity—they create in the user of them the feeling he is trying to produce in the other person. If your heart is not what it should be toward some one, try using kindness in dealing with him, and lo and behold! the first thing you know, you will be feeling toward him as your actions imply. Courtesy makes the wear and tear of everyday contacts easier and it keeps the heart kindly.

Manners grow, as all customs do, from a need for them. A crowd may have been moving along the highway, higgledy-piggledy. Perhaps passing was difficult; people

jostled each other; there was much bodily discomfort. Both time and tempers were lost. Someone in that crowd had a useful thought. He saw he could move faster and in more comfort by going to the right of those passing in the opposite direction. A second person observed the behavior of the first, saw its advantages, and passed to the right. So did a fourth and a fifth. Day after day more persons passed to the right. Passing to the right soon became a custom. Manners are customs made in the same general way the custom of passing to the right may have been made—by tacit agreement. Any man or woman, any boy or girl who sees a need and finds a way to meet it may start a custom. If the need is real, and felt by a sufficiently large number of persons, the new custom may become permanent. Consciously or unconsciously, every one is meeting situations every day of his life. An individual who creates a new way of acting that suits the occasion will soon have followers. The new way of acting—the new custom—will be used as long as it is needed and adequate. When it is no longer needed, it will be changed or dropped.

Manners cannot be plastered on from the outside. They grow from the heart. They should be learned in the home. The earlier in life they are acquired, the better. The wisest parents teach their children, from the very beginning, the correct ways of doing things. Then the youngsters have nothing to unlearn. A little mother of a year-old baby turned, as she was about to leave the room, and, after she had ex-

cused herself to us, said, "Please excuse me, Albert." We caught our breath enough to gasp something about Albert not understanding. "But," said the wise mother, "he will observe this custom because I do. He will grow up using it. When he is older he will understand it and continue to use it." The attitude of the parents has an immense influence on the manners of their children. Even when the parents are as unconscious of teaching as the parents are of learning, the children do as the parents do. The adults of the family need to exercise care in the small, everyday ways of doing. Whether they want to be examples or not, the children will copy what they do.

Bad manners sometimes grow from a lack of the sense of humor. It helps in courtesy if you do not regard yourself too seriously. There is good advice in the old rhyme:

If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter.

Laugh a little at yourself occasionally. Some of the things that seem so deadly serious in the home are really not important. One of the first things good manners teach us is that we ourselves are not very important. The other person should always be the one who interests each one of us.

We sometimes say of a person who has poise, "He is as easy as an old shoe." We like this ease. It makes us feel comfortable and secure. The person who achieves it is probably taught the correct customs early in life and has a chance to practice them from his life's beginning. His manners are "home-made"—in the right kind of home.

KING RICHARD'S SQUIRE
(Regina Kelly, Thomas Y. Crowell
Co., New York, 1937, 272 pages.)

A young lad, son of a French father and English mother, won his way by loyalty to King Richard's side and acted as that English king's squire. The story of the coronation is made doubly interesting because of the recent coronation of a new king of England, George VI.

The unfolding of the noble French lad's adventures from the time when he left France with his grandfather to his entering service as a menial and finally became the young king's squire; his meeting with Chaucer, the great English poet of the time, whose works he had read with his beloved mother in France; his exposures of tricksters and the rebellious Wat Tyler make stirring reading for boys and girls.



BIG LOOP AND LITTLE
(Alice Rogers Hager, Macmillan
Company, New York, 1937. \$2.00.)

TO SHOW the life of the cowboy in the west, the author has not only used her words adequately but she has also collected a rare group of Western pictures taken principally by Charles Belden, who has been a contributor of unusual photographs to *The Improvement Era*. The story is logical and will answer many questions which may have lurked in the adult mind as to why the cowboy is always pictured with the gay bandana, chaps, and high-heeled boots.

The year-round activities of the cowboy are treated in such a way as to create an understanding between city-reared folk and the lone cowboy.

Department of Education

TWO NEW INSTITUTE HEADS APPOINTED

DR. LOWELL L. BENNION, director of the Institute at the University of Utah for the past three years, has been selected to initiate the Institute at Tucson, Arizona, which will open this fall. Dr. Bennion, following his graduation from the University of Utah, served two and one-half years in the Swiss-German Mission. Following his missionary service, he remained in Strasbourg as a student and received his doctorate from the University of Strasbourg.

T. Edgar Lyon has been appointed as Dr. Bennion's successor at the University of Utah. Elder Lyon has been a seminary worker for six years, prior to his being called as president of the Netherlands Mission, which position he has held for the past three years and nine months.

NEWLY APPOINTED SEMINARY TEACHERS

WILLIS J. LYMAN, principal of the Lyman, Wyoming, seminary since 1931, has been transferred to teach in the Rexburg, Idaho, seminary. He has also served as bishop of the Lyman Ward for several years. Elder Lyman is a graduate of Brigham Young University.

Nicholas Van Alfen, who has served as principal of the Grantsville Seminary in Utah during the past two years, has been appointed to teach in the Weber Seminary of Ogden, Utah. He is a graduate of Brigham Young University and also served in the Netherlands Mission during 1926-28.

Boyden C. Braithwaite of Manti was appointed a teacher in the Wasatch Seminary in Heber City, Utah. A graduate of Brigham Young University, he also served in the Texas Mission during 1934-35.



Churchwide Photos

1. Bee-Hive Leaders and girls of St. George Stake.
2. Executive officers of wards and stake of St. George gathered for Stake Honor Day.
3. Group of Girls and Y. W. M. I. A. Presidency of Panaca Ward, who completed Tithing Project.
4. Queen and Attendants of Gold and Green Ball, St. George Stake.
5. L. D. S. Male Quartet with Headquarters in the Central States Mission.
6. Semi-formal Ball held at St. George, Utah.
7. Junior Girl Luncheon of St. George Stake for Stake Honor Day.
8. Trophies won by Oakley High School Athletes.
9. Oakley High School "All-Mormon" Basketball Team—1937.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

VITAMIN B prevents hair from turning gray—at least in rats.

NATURAL air is a mixture of about four-fifths nitrogen and one-fifth oxygen, with a very small amount of carbon dioxide and the "noble" gases: helium, argon, neon, krypton, and xenon. Experiments over a period of fifteen years on various animals show there is no single gas, even oxygen, in which animals can live. In mixtures of pure nitrogen and oxygen, animals also die, showing a need for the rare gases. White mice thrive better when the atmosphere is four-fifths helium instead of nitrogen.

OIL has been made from coal, and coal made from wood.

THE ELEPHANT gets six or seven sets of teeth during the course of its life, and some members of the alligator family have grown as many as 40 sets in a single life-time. Sharks have as many as seven visible, parallel, curved rows of teeth, of which only the front two or three of these rows are used. The rows in back develop to take the place of the rows shed over the front edge of the mouth.

USE of sleeping medicines, such as bromides, and veronal, amylal, and others of the barbituric type is apparently leading to a definite increase in mental disease, according to Dr. F. J. Curran of Bellevue Hospital, New York.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION research has found that nightly sleep, or something very like it, is as necessary to plants as it is to men and animals. Plants go "to sleep" instantly the light is turned off, but it takes them about ten minutes to awake after a period of darkness. Strangely, growth was found to be most rapid in darkness.

PROGRESS in treating epilepsy has been made by using a diet rich in fats, with little sugar or starch foods. This diet prevented attacks in half a group of patients. Attacks might be prevented if breathing could be kept even, Harvard Medical School reports.

IN COPENHAGEN a plumber uses an eel to clean clogged pipes. The eel wriggles through the pipe and clears it out.

FLOWERS keep better if cut with a sharp knife than with scissors.

ANT QUEENS live as long as 15 years and workers have been known to survive 4 or 5 years.



HOW FAST can a fox run? Clarence Cottam inspecting wild life areas in South Carolina had a gray fox jump ahead of his car. The fox ran 26 miles an hour for 100 yards, but gradually slowed down to about 21 miles an hour at the end of a half mile. Yellowstone park rangers tell of grizzly bears racing automobiles at speeds of 28, 30 and possibly 35 miles an hour.

AN ACOUSTIC altimeter, long needed by aircraft, is about ready to go from the research laboratory into the hands of manufacturers' designing engineers. Altimeters now used show height above sea level instead of height above the ground. By measuring the time for sound to travel from a plane to the earth and back, heights up to about 700 feet are measured very accurately.

THE Babylonian mathematicians excelled the early Greeks. A mathematics book written 2000 B. C. has been deciphered by a Danish scientist, showing multiplication tables, a symbol for zero, negative numbers, tables for calculating areas and volumes, and tables of squares, cubes, and reciprocals. Even the theorem of Pythagoras was well known to the Babylonians.



FRESH salads at the North Pole for Russian scientists! Vegetables for needed vitamins will be grown under artificial light in fur-lined cellars with current generated by windmill power overhead.

BLEACHED cornflakes and gypsum are used to represent snow on the screen. Paraffin gives a successful imitation of ice. Fog for movies can be made with compressed air and mineral oil. By heating the oil the right amount a London fog is made, and by heating the vapor to a high temperature a San Francisco fog is created. When oil cannot be used because of the ruin it would cause, as with costly furniture, then Chinese incense is burned.

A CERTAIN water spider surrounds itself with a bubble of air which it uses as a diving bell, to live under water. The bubble of air is necessary since the spider does not have gills to use air dissolved in the water.

EARTHWORMS cannot see red, so fishermen hunting worms at night should use a red light. If an ordinary or blue light is flashed on the worms as they emerge from their burrows, they slide back. Worms do not have eyes but the front part of their body appears to be most sensitive to light. An earthworm is also capable of learning since it can be trained to turn to the right or left at the top of a T-shaped tube, by punishing it with an electric shock for one side and rewarding it with a dark place for the other.

A NEW tool in studying what happens to different elements, when taken into the body, is being developed with artificially radioactive elements. Sodium in common table salt has been made radioactive and injected into a person's veins. Because the radio sodium "broadcasts" radioactivity, instruments can detect where it travels and what it does.

THE fixed stars are so far from the earth that the speed of light must be used as a yardstick. It takes light four and a third years to travel to us from Proxima Centauri, the closest star, but only a second and a quarter to come from the moon. Light would travel over seven times around the earth in a second.

FISH scales have rings, like the growth rings of a tree, growing in summer and practically stopping in winter. By counting the rings a fish's age can be determined. Somewhat similarly human teeth start growing in the fifth month and continue until a person is twenty-one. A person's growth is recorded in changes in the form of the teeth, rings, tree-like, seen by cutting a cross section of a tooth. The rate of growth is one and a half ten-thousands of an inch a day, one-twelfth the thickness of a human hair.

SWISS-GERMAN TALLIES UP



MISSION PRESIDENT PHILEMON M. KELLY (FRONT ROW CENTER) AND TWELVE OF THE FOURTEEN NATIVE DISTRICT PRESIDENTS OF THE SWISS-GERMAN MISSION, ASSEMBLED AT A DISTRICT PRESIDENT'S CONVENTION, JUNE 1, 1936.

A BRIEF SUMMARY OF SOME OF THE RECENT ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN ONE MISSION WITH REFERENCE TO THE PRIESTHOOD ACTIVITY PLAN.

By LINDSAY R. CURTIS

WE ALL recall the inauguration in the mission field of the new Priesthood plan as adopted in the stakes of Zion. This plan was devised to promote activity and increased attendance of the Priesthood as a whole and to give every Priesthood member a greater opportunity for service. The finger of progress has pointed very distinctly to the success of this plan in the stakes of Zion, but what about the missions of the Church?

On November 27, 1935, Darrell L. Brady, former District President of the Stuttgart District, was called by President Philemon M. Kelly to act as Priesthood Supervisor of the Swiss-German Mission. His instructions were to study all material and data given out by the authorities and return a report and a suggestive plan as to ways and means of best carrying out the new procedure.

The object was to give every Priesthood member of the mission a greater opportunity for activity, and promote better cooperation in the Districts, even as in the Stakes. To best fulfill this end, the following plan was adopted. Each member was to be assigned at least one activity each week. A list of activities was drawn up in alphabetical order—everything which might be counted as an activity for the brethren, such as giving an address, visiting and encouraging the inactive, distributing church literature, opening a constructive gospel conversation, aiding the sick and helpless, and kindred activities.

A large Branch Assignment Card containing the names of every Priesthood-holder was placed in the Priesthood classroom. Following

their names, space was left for their assignments. These were placed in alphabetical form from A to Z to simplify and utilize them better. The columns after each name were divided according to weeks and months to record the assigned activities. The Branch President made the assignments for the coming week upon this large card and each Sunday morning, every Priesthood member recorded upon his personal card, the assignments given him. The following Sunday, the completed assignments were reported along with any "extra" activities which were not directly assigned. The results of this procedure were very pleasing and effective, serving also to keep the brethren informed of the progress they were making.

With the entire plan and purpose well in hand, the Priesthood Supervisor was sent on a tour throughout the entire mission. He met as far as possible every Priesthood member, holding special meetings in all branches, explaining and awakening interest for the new plan in the hearts of the brethren, and inaugurating the regular Sunday morning and monthly Priesthood meetings, as advised. The lessons for the Priesthood, recommended by the Quorum of the Twelve, were translated into German and put into form for their use.

The first special Priesthood meeting was held in Stuttgart by Elder Brady on December 23, 1935. At each of the Spring Conferences President Kelly demonstrated and explained the great constructive value of the plan and procedure, the plan being accepted with open hearts by the assembled brethren. By the 5th of April, 1936, every district in the entire mission had been brought

into line. The Priesthood plan was organized and functioning in the Swiss-German Mission.

AT THE end of the first quarter of the year, after the plan had been brought into operation in all branches with warranting Priesthood enrollment, an increase of 59% in average attendance was noted. The first month, January, showed 1,447 activities for the mission. In December alone, of the same year, the month's total for the mission had jumped to 7,195, an increase of 5,748 activities, and the enthusiasm and activity of the brethren is still increasing. The total reported for the entire year reached over 64,500, exceeding the projected goal by more than 13,500, this in spite of the fact that in some of the branches, reports were unavailable. With awakened interest in the Priesthood and its activity still growing, 100,000 activities are listed for 1937, with a corresponding growth in attendance at the meetings.

SWISS-GERMAN MISSION HOME AND HEAD-QUARTERS, LEIMENSTRASSE 49, BASEL, SWITZERLAND.



Melchisedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

HOW THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS FUNCTION UNDER THE CHURCH SECURITY PLAN

THERE is no organization in the Church whose members should be as close to each other as should be the members of a quorum of Priesthood. If the quorum is organized with its four committees; and if the Personal Welfare and Church Service committees are functioning as they are expected to do, certainly this close association makes it possible for the quorum officers and members to know the real needs and personal condition of each of the members.

First of all it is the responsibility of the members of these committees to see that each member of the quorum is paying his full, honest tithing; also that each quorum member and his family are contributing to the fast offerings up to the standard set by the Church, namely \$1.00 per capita as a minimum. In this way funds are created for the assistance of worthy quorum members who are in need of help. It becomes, then, the duty of the Personal Welfare Committee and the quorum officers to know the members of their quorum who are in need of employment. If the employment cards furnished by the Church Security Committee are used and kept up to date, when the quorum meets each week or month, a complete record of the status of each member with reference to unemployment is available. It would be a splendid thing if every quorum would do as many are now doing, namely, carry a list of their unemployed brethren and, when they hear of an opening where the unemployed man could probably fit in, send word to him at once so that he may make application for the position.

In rural communities where the unemployed member is accustomed to farm work and could find the solution to his problem in getting a piece of land, the quorum should be interested in trying to place him on a piece of land, either by lease or by purchase; and in order to assist him, the quorum members might make some contribution of certain discarded or partly used farm implements; or an exchange of work may provide him the opportunity to have his land plowed and taken care of with the assistance of quorum members. It is also possible that jointly the quorum might be helpful in establishing his contract for the purchase or lease of land and through their united efforts make it possible for him soon to be on his own feet, solving the problem of being housed and also of raising his

food because he has a piece of ground and a little home.

Where the quorum finds itself unable to render all the assistance necessary to accomplish this, the matter should be taken up with the bishop and through him with the stake president and then the problem comes to the General Committee of the Church for such counsel and guidance as they may be able to offer. But the quorum must do its part first and do all that it can in an attempt locally to solve the problem of the unemployed quorum member before reporting the matter to the General Church Committee.

If there are quorum members who are incapable of working and yet who need assistance, and they are worthy men, they should not have to have to seek elsewhere. The matter should of course be reported to the bishop and he with the Relief Society sisters will make the investigation and learn what help may be needed, and from the Fast Offering fund there can be rendered judicious and wise aid to assist him in securing a living. However, the Church is opposed to supporting any man or woman who is able to do something without giving him or her the opportunity of rendering some service for the assistance thus received. If, therefore, there are quorum members

who cannot get into the competitive field in work they may be provided employment on some quorum project.

Many quorums in the Church have leased parcels of ground, and members who could not do a full day's work but who could assist in truck gardening have been given the opportunity of taking care of a part of this land. Numerous other projects have been provided upon which such quorum members, who either are waiting to secure a position and are being assisted in the meantime or those who are not able to do ordinary labor but nevertheless could make some contribution, may be given the chance of working and show their willingness to do something in appreciation of the assistance that is rendered from the funds contributed by the quorum membership. In this way the quorum becomes a real brotherhood, and we are responsible for seeing that it is a brotherhood not only in spirituality but in the solution of the temporal problems of the members of the quorum so far as it is within the power of those members to assist their brethren.

Nothing will make the quorum member think so much of his standing in the quorum as the interest that may be shown the unfortunate member by his

(Concluded on page 514)

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE L. D. S. STAKE MISSIONS

Made by The First Council of the Seventy to The Council of the Twelve Apostles
For the Month of May, 1937

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

1. Evenings or part days spent in missionary work	4,320*
2. Hours spent in missionary work	9,697
3. Number of calls made while tracting	8,849
4. Number of first invitations in while tracting	2,716
5. Number of revisits	2,616
6. Number of Gospel conversations	7,400
7. Number of standard church works distributed	264
8. Number of other books distributed	230
9. Number of tracts and pamphlets distributed	9,293
10. Number of Books of Mormon sold	112
11. Number of hall meetings held	118
12. Number of cottage meetings held	516
13. Number of cottage and hall meetings attended	1,579
14. Number of investigators present at cottage and hall meetings	2,522
15. Number of baptisms as a result of missionary work	116
16. Number of inactive members of the Church brought into activity through stake missionary service during the month	212

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Number of Stakes in the Church	118
Number of Stake Missions organized	111

MISSIONARIES ACTIVELY ENGAGED

Number of Stakes reporting	81
Number of Districts	252
Elders	194
Seventies	853
High Priests	160
Women	198
Total	1,405

WHEN THERE'S A HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

By ROBERTA BLAKE CLAYTON



MISSIONARIES OF INDIAN DISTRICT
Marshall H. Flake, A. B. Randall, Sessal D. Allen, Pres. Eugene Flake, and Pres. L. S. Heward, District President.

A TALE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THOSE OF WHOM THE BOOK OF MORMON SPEAKS.

WHY HAVE you not come before?" It is many, many moons. Why have you waited so long? These are some of the questions asked by the Tewas and Hopis, questions, too, that have been in the minds of some of the Latter-day Saints who have had occasion to go among these Indians and the Navajos on their reservations.

During the summer of 1936 the president of the Snowflake Stake, Samuel F. Smith, was instructed that the responsibility of carrying the Gospel to the Indians on the Navajo and Hopi Reservations was delegated to his missionaries. The commission was received with gratitude and enthusiasm by the stake mission president, S. Eugene Flake, as he had recently attended the Snake Dance on the Reservation, and while he and his uncle, John T. Flake, and

MISSIONARIES OF THE SNOWFLAKE STAKE
MISSIONS

Upper left, Sessal D. Allen, John C. Ramsay, James W. Lewis, Virgil M. Flake, Jesse N. Decker, Marshall H. Flake, Ammon Morris.

Center row: Martin D. Bushman, Will J. Flake. Lower row: L. S. Heward, Pres. Indian District; George A. Smith, Pres. Mountain District; S. Eugene Flake, Mission President; Dr. H. A. Berry, Pres. Santa Fe District; Roberta Flake Clayton, Mission Secretary; Nettie Hunt Rencher; A. B. Randall.

their wives were wandering around the village of Hotevilla before the ceremonial began, as if by inspiration he was led to the home of the Chief, Dan Kotchongva. He, with two of his tribesmen, was in conference on a very serious tribal problem.

The Chief was told that the visitors were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His countenance fairly beamed, and he shook hands with them, and through his interpreter told them of his visit to Salt Lake City, an account of which is found in the February, 1936, issue of *The Improvement Era*. He said he had given part of his story then and was now willing to give the remainder of it. The occasion was a very memorable one for President Flake and his party, and he looked forward to the time when the Gospel might be brought to that people.

When the new corps of missionaries were called and set apart on August 30, 1936, it seemed very fitting that Elders Joseph Brinkerhoff and Sessal D. Allen, both of whom had spent their early boyhood

there, and Elder Allen having been born at Tuba City, should be the ones chosen to reopen the mission to these particular descendants of the Lamanites. More than seventy years before, the Gospel had been preached to them by Jacob Hamblin, Thales Haskell, and others, and, while it was not generally accepted, it resulted in the tradition that the "White Brother had the truth and would come again when there was a highway in the sky." But why had they waited? Were not the heavens ablaze with the light of the airplane? How often from the vantage point of their high mesas had they sat in the hush of night and seen this highway, and wondered how long before the White Brother would come as their deliverer?

Permission was asked from the Secretary of Indian affairs in Washington, and graciously given.

Elders Brinkerhoff and Allen, now clothed with authority, purchased a projecting machine and slides illustrating archeological findings of an ancient civilization on this Continent, and went first to Winslow, where a colony of Indians are employed by the Santa Fe railroad, and in their lectures explained how these findings substantiate the account found in the Book of Mormon, which, they were told, was a record of their forefathers. Here they were received with interest and kindness.

SHORTLY after this, Elders Heward, Allen, and Randall went to Window Rock, Arizona, headquarters for the Navajo, Hopi, and Tewa Tribes, to confer with the General Superintendent, Mr. E. R. Fryer, to obtain permission to preach on that Reservation. The Elders were told that the Superintendent was

(Concluded on page 512)



When There's a Highway in the Sky

(Concluded from page 511)

very busy, but that they might wait to see him; and wait they did, for a whole hour. Finally a messenger came and told them the Superintendent would see them.

So much depended on this interview that it was with fear and trembling and prayerful hearts that their mission was stated. Without comment or a visible sign of the outcome, Mr. Fryer listened to the request and the argument in its favor. When the Elders had finished, he quietly, almost reverently, remarked: "My grandmother pushed a handcart across the plains."

Unlimited scope was given the missionaries with the result that a number of visits have been made to the Hopis and Tewas. It is the policy to go first to the chieftains of the tribes, and to the old men, many of whom remember the former missionaries or the Latter-day Saints who lived at Tuba City or Moen-coppy, and to them the word "Mormon" is almost a magic one.

The questions asked at the beginning of this article are frequently asked by them, and the answers given by the Elders are taken from their own records, as found in the Book of Mormon, with its history and prophecies concerning the Indian.

The handicaps met by the earlier missionaries in having to master unwritten languages, have, in a measure, been overcome by the Indians themselves, and it is a rare thing to find, among the Hopis in particular, an Indian under thirty years of age who doesn't speak sufficient English to interpret for the missionaries of today.

UPON THE first trip of Elder Allen since the new order has been given, he went alone, and spoke to a group of Hopis for a long time. Then, being tired, he got into his car, thinking to drive out where he could be alone, ate his lunch, and rest awhile. As he was about to start, Vinton Polacca, a Hopi about the age of Elder Allen, and son of the Chief for whom the pueblo of Polacca was named, got into the car with him. He had a rope and bridle on his arm, and after they had gone a mile or so, Elder Allen, thinking he was going out after a horse, asked him where he wanted to go, and the answer was, "Wherever you go." When they reached a secluded spot, Elder Allen stopped the car and the two of them talked

for about five hours. Vinton had read the Book of Mormon, and they discussed it, the Elder explaining many things the Indian had not understood, including promises made to the Lamanite people if they would accept its teachings.

The old Chief, Vinton's father, had told his family that many churches would send their missionaries among them, but that they should join none of them, but wait for the Mormons to come again; that they would bring the truth. Then, placing his two index fingers together horizontally, Vinton continued: "And my father said, 'Their beliefs shall be like ours, and we shall be brothers.' But why did you wait so long? I had almost given up hope of your coming." He feared that his father and his family that had waited so long in vain might suffer because of the delayed message, which thought gave Elder Allen the opportunity to explain the justice of God, and how a way has been provided in the Temples of the Lord whereby they may be redeemed. In all of Brother Allen's missionary experiences he does not recall a more satisfactory or more spiritual occasion.

On another trip, this time to Oraibi, President Heward was accompanied by all of his missionaries. They had taken a room for the night, when a young Indian came and spent several hours conversing with them, comparing the legends of his people with the doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints. And to one who does not understand them, it is surprising the resemblance, when one considers their traditions have only been preserved by word of mouth.

The Elders have found favor in the eyes of the most influential men of the tribes and are shown every courtesy. Tom Pavatea tendered his store for the presentation of the slides and lectures, and it was crowded with interested listeners. And here is a fitting place to speak of the honesty of these people, for though the store contains thousands of dollars' worth of valuable jewelry and blankets, he had sufficient confidence to trust them, even with the lights extinguished.

About fifty copies of the Book of Mormon have been distributed by these missionaries of the Snowflake Stake and their enthusiasm is unbounded, and now, through the help of our Heavenly Father, who knows but that the prediction may be fulfilled, "A nation shall be born in a day."

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WARD TEACHER'S MESSAGE

SEPTEMBER, 1937

SCRIPTURE READING

There is a definite duty and obligation enjoined upon Latter-day Saints to become informed of the teachings of the Gospel. We are taught that man cannot be saved in ignorance and that the knowledge gained in this life will continue with us eternally.

The most important knowledge any person can acquire is knowledge of God's plans and purposes for the salvation of His children—the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Other useful and helpful knowledge is, of course, desirable. But no amount of knowledge of worldly affairs will compensate for lack of knowledge of things spiritual.

Reading of the standard works of the Church—the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price—and becoming familiar with the important teachings they contain, should be a regular practice in all Latter-day Saint homes.

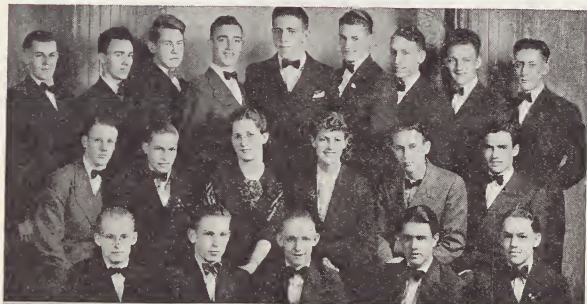
We are here upon earth to gain experience, knowledge, and understanding of temporal, spiritual, and eternal truths. The tendency, being followed by many, to neglect study of the scriptures is regrettable. It indicates a disposition to ignore, or at least failure to heed, the plainly stated injunctions of the scriptures themselves and the oft-repeated teachings of Church leaders.

We are definitely informed that parents who fail to teach the principles of the Gospel to their children will be held accountable for such failure; and parents themselves who fail to gain all the knowledge available to them will, as time goes on, forfeit the blessings which come to those who gain understanding of spiritual things.

With the approach of the fall and winter seasons it is suggested that each family pre-

pare and follow a program of scripture reading, either collectively or individually. Whenever practicable, scripture reading by the entire family group is highly desirable. Families in which this commendable practice is followed bear testimony of its value and manifest in their lives the virtues developed through learning and applying the teachings of scripture.

In times like these, a solid foundation of



TOP: RAFT RIVER, BURLEY, CASSIA, MINIDOKA, AND TWIN FALLS STAKES AT SUBLETT CANYON.

CENTER: ERECTION OF MONUMENT AT CAJON PASS ON MORMON PIONEER TRAIL TO CALIFORNIA, BY SAN BERNARDINO AND PASADENA STAKES. (KNEELING TO LEFT OF MONUMENT IN FOREGROUND—JEFFERSON DALEY, KNEELING TO RIGHT IN FOREGROUND, E. Q. SULLIVAN, DIST. ENGINEER; PRES. A. L. LARSON AND PRES. RULON H. CHENEY.)

BOTTOM: OUR MORMON BATTALION TRAIL, PACHECO PASS BY ARIZONA—MESA THIRD WARD AARONIC PRIESTHOOD.

faith should more than ever, be the goal of every Latter-day Saint. Regular, careful, and prayerful reading of the scriptures is one of the best known methods of securing and retaining that faith.

TOP: AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CHORUS OF OGDEN 18TH WARD, BISHOP L. GRANT JOHNSON.

BOTTOM: AN EARLY SEASON WATERMELON FEAST, WITH BISHOP JAMES H. RILEY, HELD IN 11TH WARD, WEBER STAKE.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Concluded from page 510)

associate brethren in bringing to him real happiness in the knowledge that a man can take care of himself and his family because he has a job or he has a farm or an opportunity to earn his own living.

The quorum can therefore function in a most effective way in assisting the Church in a solution of these individual problems.—*Melvin J. Ballard.*

When one of the scribes came to the Savior and asked him to explain which was "the first commandment of all":

Jesus answered him, saying: . . . The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely, this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself . . . There is none other commandment greater than these.

And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he: And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than

all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. (Mark 12:29-33.)

Today throughout the world there is little love of God and less, perhaps, of one's fellow men, or neighbors. Selfishness and the desire on the part of men and nations to obtain advantage over their fellow men and nations have brought the world into a state of turmoil, strife, and hatred that portends its undoing. Civilization, if we have civilization, hangs in the balance. What a wonderful, glorious thing it would be if all men would turn to the love of God and the consideration of their fellows. We who are members of the Church are duty bound to practice these principles and place ourselves in obedience to these two great laws, upon which, said our Lord, "hang all the law and the prophets."

The Church Security Plan is one means by which we can show, as men holding the Priesthood and with a special interest in our fellow members, our obedience to these great laws. If we will be honest in the payment of our tithes and offerings; if we will religiously observe the fast day requirements and abstain from two meals on that day set apart each month giving the equivalent of what we would consume

in food for the relief of the poor, all will feel better spiritually, physically, and mentally. Moreover, we will increase in the capacity to love our neighbor as ourselves, and surely our fellow quorum member is as close a neighbor as one could possibly be. The Church is only asking that we live in accordance with our religion. If we will keep these commandments we will find everlasting joy, and that is the great gift for which we and all men are seeking, if our hearts are right before the Lord.

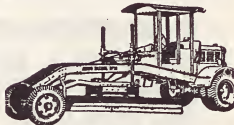
Each member of the Church should be prudent and saving. Wastefulness is a modern evil; especially is this the case in this western world. Men and women are wasteful not only of substance, but also of time. Teach the members of the quorum to be industrious and in all that they do let it be done in the name of the Lord. Our interests should not be selfish but great enough to embrace the welfare of our neighborhood that happiness may increase and the joy of living righteously be extended to those who are in distress, and perhaps despondent because they feel that there is no brotherly love existing in this benighted world.

—J. F. S.

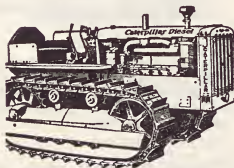
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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS BROADCAST

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM has elected to present eight of Shakespeare's most popular plays. Four of these were presented in July and four will be broadcast during August.

The director of the productions is Brewster Morgan, formerly of England's Oxford Theater and of New York's Broadway. The casts include twenty-five ranking artists of the stage and motion picture and more than one hundred players of note.

The plays are broadcast each

Monday from 6:00 to 7:00 p. m. M. S. T., over Radio Station KSL and other CBS outlets. *The Improvement Era*, wishing to note all good things, encourages its readers to learn the time when these are presented over their stations and tune in for them. On August 2, *The Taming of the Shrew* will be presented; August 16, *As You Like It*; August 22, *Henry IV*; August 30, *Twelfth Night*.

In addition to presenting the plays, CBS is offering a prize to students attending American colleges and universities during the

summer sessions. The contest offers a first prize of \$250 for the best critical essay dealing with the eight plays broadcast. Fifteen second prizes, consisting of copies of the new edition of Shakespeare's works illustrated by Rockwell Kent and autographed by Brewster Morgan, director of the series, will be awarded. The papers must be submitted to the school first and later to a national board. Local winners must submit their essays to the drama division of the Columbia Broadcasting System before September 10.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: BREWSTER MORGAN, DIRECTOR OF COLUMBIA'S SHAKESPEARE CYCLE; EDWARD G. ROBINSON AS "PETRUCHIO" IN THE "TAMING OF THE SHREW"; FRANK MORGAN AS "JACQUES" IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"; WALTER CONNOLLY AS "FALSTAFF" IN "HENRY IV." SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: WALTER HUSTON AS THE KING IN "HENRY IV."; BRIAN AHERNE, "PRINCE HAL" IN "HENRY IV."; ESTELLE WINWOOD AS "MARIA" IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"; SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS "MALVOLIO" IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Pacific Advertising Clubs Association Sends Thanks to "The Improvement Era"

IN A LETTER dated at San Francisco July 15, 1937, and signed by Lou E. Townsend, President, for the Pacific Advertising Clubs Association, the following word is received:

Mr. Richard L. Evans,
The Improvement Era,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Mr. Evans:

We are indeed grateful to you for your

graciousness to us while we were in Convention in Salt Lake City. The enclosed book contains a report of the Resolutions Committee extending to you and your workers our profound thanks for this splendid spirit of cooperation. We are delighted to tell you that your people made it possible for us to have an outstanding Convention.

Very truly yours,
Lou E. Townsend,
President.

The published report referred to reads in part as follows:

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the P. A. C. A. acknowledge the time, energy, thought, and altruistic motives which prompted the following individuals and organizations to contribute so much of great value and success to this gathering:

.....

(g) To *The Improvement Era* for the most attractive and informative brochure furnished each delegate and for their courtesy in arranging the visits to the Brigham Young's Home, the Lion House, and the Bee-Hive House.

Who Is Youth? When Is Youth?

(Concluded from page 474)

this over in your minds; its truth will come to you. Then guide your actions by it.

For a full century it has been our declared Church belief "That no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life."

The movement of the world today against these is not inspired from above.

And in this relation, let me urge you to consider this: It is one thing for an individual to fail to live a standard, and quite another for him to change his standard of life, even though he does the same wrong each time. Society has survived arson, pillage, robbery, and murder, however widespread they were, in fact, when they were under the ban of social order and of the mass conscience; we shall not continue as a social organism when these crimes shall become the standard by which the mass is guided, no matter what the avowed motive or pretended need for the standard, and no matter how circumscribed the occasion for doing the crimes is made. Because in the one case, the standard is righteous, with some man falling away therefrom; the other standard is unrighteous, with all men paying their homage thereto. It is in this last direction that the world now plunges. We must count upon you to save it, that human liberty and freedom of conscience shall be saved, that the Lord's work may continue on earth so that men's souls may be saved.

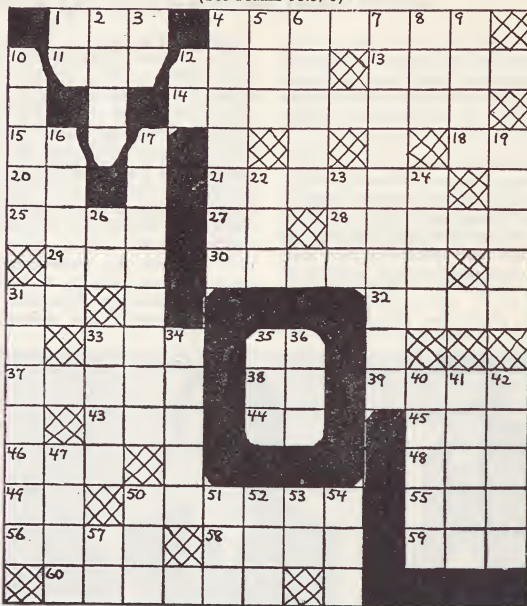
How glorious the principles of our great Declaration of Independence:

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

God grant that you may enthroned these principles in your minds and your hearts; that for you they will be altars upon which you will offer when needed the utmost sacrifice their preservation may need.

SCRIPTURAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE—MAKERS OF MUSIC

(See Psalms 98:5, 6)



ACROSS

- 1 Eggs
- 4 Miriam had a . . . when she sang her song of triumph Ex. 15: 20
- 11 Metal
- 12 Part of a shaft
- 13 Typical sand snakes
- 14 Musical instrument Dan. 3: 10
- 15 Before Christ
- 18 An altar Josh. 22: 34
- 20 Exclamation
- 21 Lyrical pieces to be sung to a musical instrument
- 25 Tibetan monk
- 27 Romans is one
- 28 "those that walk in pride he is able to . . ." Dan. 4: 37
- 29 Nothing
- 30 "and with songs, with . . . , and with harp" Gen. 31: 27
- 31 Mark was one
- 32 Rustic pipe
- 33 Babylonian deity (var.)
- 35 Since
- 37 String of a harp
- 38 Pronoun
- 39 Put off
- 43 Grain
- 44 Note in music
- 45 Religion
- 46 A religion of Tibet; good
- 48 Antelope
- 49 Old note in music
- 50 Dress goods
- 55 "his strange . . ." Isa. 28: 21
- 56 Measure of music
- 58 "David took an . . . , and played with his hand" 1 Sam. 16: 23
- 59 Born
- 60 "With trumpets and sound of . . . make a joyful noise" Ps. 98: 6

DOWN

- 1 Part of the Bible
- 2 "chant to the sound of the . . . , and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David"
- 3 Article
- 4 "lift up thy voice like a . . ."
- 5 "worketh no . . ." Rom. 13: 10
- 6 Variety of coffee
- 7 "they . . . his words" Luke 24: 8
- 8 Before
- 9 Stringed instrument
- 10 "father of all such as handle the harp and organ" Gen. 4: 21
- 12 Alleged force
- 16 ". . . to the sound of the viol"
- 17 "sing unto him with the . . . and an instrument of ten strings"
- 19 ". . . not, nor be dismayed"
- 22 Mineral spring
- 23 Gibbon of the Malay Peninsula
- 24 Surfeit
- 26 Note in music
- 31 Instrument used in connection with idol worship Dan. 3: 5
- 33 "long blast with the ram's . . ."
- 34 Feminine proper name
- 35 Melody
- 36 Female saint
- 40 "and rejoice at the sound of the . . ." Job 21: 12
- 41 "as a tottering . . ." Ps. 62: 3
- 42 Another instrument used in idol worship Dan. 3: 5
- 47 Auditory
- 50 Weight of India
- 51 Article
- 52 "come ye, buy, and . . ."
- 53 Judah's firstborn Gen. 38: 7
- 54 North Polar Distance
- 57 Volume

LOG OF A EUROPEAN TOUR

(Concluded from page 483)

many changes of clothing; nevertheless, they have taken it in a philosophical manner and it hasn't interfered with their pleasure to any extent. One of the ladies said she turned the back of her waist to the front for her dinner gown, and then she was in full dress.

Sunday, June 20.

ANOTHER wonderful day. One of the crew said that he had never seen such a calm sea during the nine years he has been sailing on this steamer.

We welcomed the Sabbath day. We had a Church service in the first cabin dining room at 3 p. m. Brother Hugh B. Brown was introduced by father, and he in turn introduced father, who spoke to a very attentive audience of about 150 persons for nearly an hour. Sister Vida Fox Clawson has on board a group of Utah people for whom she is conducting a tour. Most of them were present and nearly all are members of our Church. These people were the singing unit for the service. In the evening Mrs. Clawson's group gathered in the dining room and engaged in community singing, father and others giving special numbers.

Each night for five nights watches are turned forward sixty minutes. One of the young women from Utah has not changed her watch since she left home. Today our watches are 6:30 p. m., hers is 10:30 a. m.

We were quite relieved when word came to us unofficially that we did not have to put on our best clothes for dinner tonight. It becomes quite irksome to those of us who are used to wearing the same

clothes to all of our meals to have to spend so much time changing our clothes.

One of the delights of an ocean voyage is to lie in a deck chair covered with a steamer rug and look out over the water. It is ever changing in color, taking on every hue of gray and blue. The clouds and sky seem to be within a short distance. The sky looks so clear it reminds one of the Tabernacle dome.

Tuesday, June 22, 1937.

ON AWAKENING this morning we were happy to find the sea as calm as yesterday. An acquaintance we have made on the ship is making his twenty-first trip and he says once years ago he made the voyage and had just such weather. I rather pressed him to say this was the very best one, but he said they had a little more sunshine on the other one. Still he would say this was best if he might include the passengers, because he had enjoyed this much more because of congenial companions.

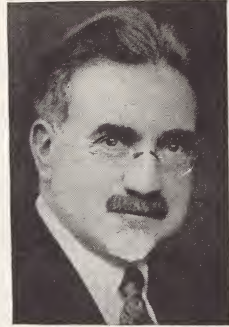
The regular ship schedule has been carried on today but there is a little feeling of unrest and excitement. We are getting our landing permits, checking our baggage, changing our money into French and English coins, posting last minute letters and cards, wandering from the topmost deck to the lowest, watching the flocks of seagulls which have followed the ship all day, circling and dipping so gracefully. There were a few gulls with us yesterday. We were several hundred miles from land at that time. They seem to know by instinct when a ship is nearing port.

Father has met some rather influential Canadians and they have been interested in talking to him about the "Mormons."

We land at six-thirty tomorrow morning. The voyage has been more pleasant than our fondest expectations. All the officers and stewards to whom we have spoken have said it was an unusually calm trip.

We land with reluctance as there is something very fascinating about the ship and its service.

Father goes with Brother Lyman to Paris and I will go with Mrs. Clawson's excursion for a month, returning to England in time for the celebration.



DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

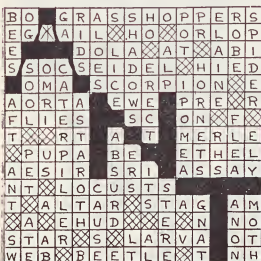
Dr. Widtsoe Given Recognition by Chemurgic Council

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, of the Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and one of the editors of the *Improvement Era*, has been appointed a member of the first permanent Board of Governors for the National Farm Chemurgic Council, Inc. Dr. Widtsoe is one of seven appointed on the board of governors for agriculture, since he is a recognized international authority in the fields of agriculture and irrigation. He will be associated with other nationally known farm leaders, such as: Arnold Yerkes, President of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers; D. Howard Doane, president of the American Society of Farm Managers.

Among the group representing science, with whom Dr. Widtsoe will also be closely associated in his work on the Farm Chemurgic Board, are such outstanding scientists as Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Nobel prize winner; Francis P. Garvan, president of the Chemical Foundation and also president of the Council. In the group representing industry are such notables as: Fred W. Sargent, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad; and Robert E. Wood, President of the Sears Roebuck Company.

—M. C. J.

SOLUTION TO JULY PUZZLE



Church-Wide Photos

1. Queen and Attendants of Annual Gold and Green Ball held in Masonic Temple, Great Falls, Montana, Branch of the Northwestern States Mission.
2. Queen of Gold and Green Ball held in Douglas, Arizona.
3. Beazer Ward M Men Basketball Team.
4. King and Queen of Glendale Ward Coronation Ball.
5. Elders assembled at the annual conference, Queensland District, Australia. Mormon Elders from all over the semi-tropical State of Queensland, Australia, came from out of the sugar cane and pineapple growing lands, where they had been laboring, to Brisbane, the capital city of Queensland. The occasion, presided over by President Thomas D. Rees, was one of the largest and most successful conferences ever held in this District. Action began Thursday, April 1st, with the finals of the M. I. A. activities occupying two days. The conference adjourned the following Sunday night.

The missionaries in the accompanying photograph were present at the conference: Front, left to right: John Allen; John Fridal; Elmer S. Evans, incoming district president; Dwight C. Jensen, outgoing district president (released); Lamar Christopherson.

Back, left to right: James H. Walker; Dean W. Atwood; Joseph W. McEwan, Mission Secretary (released); Doldo V. Dutson; John Thomas William H. (President and Sister Rees were absent when this picture was taken.)

6. Nevada Stake M. I. A. Gold and Green Ball held in Nevada Stake Hall, Ely, Nevada.
7. Participants in Gold and Green Waltz and Fox Trot demonstration of Pittsburgh Branch of the Eastern States Mission.
8. First M. I. A. Banquet held by Duluth, Minnesota. Guest of Honor was President Wilford W. Richards.
9. Queen and Attendants of first Gold and Green Ball held in Winnipeg Branch of North Central States Mission.

LONDON

(Conclusion)

Through an error the concluding paragraphs of Joseph J. Cannon's article, "London", in the July issue of the "Era" were omitted and it is here concluded.

I watched the people as they passed. The English are a people who accept things as they are.

I passed on, musing on the accomplishments of these Londoners: advanced hospitalization; slum clearance; government building of homes; public ownership of telephone, telegraph, and power service; unemployment insurance; growth in public education. These are indications that this great city of eight million and the country it represents are not static, not frozen, but like a slow river under the ice, they are moving forward.

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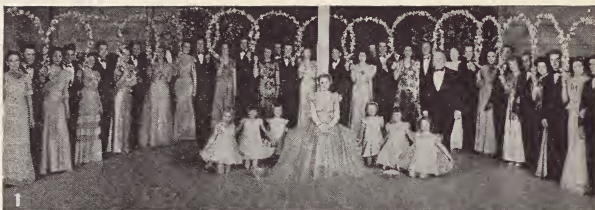
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THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 479)

sank from sight and lay low in suspense. Over this game of waiting the light of day spread, disclosing what was not clear before the sun rose above the cliff.

The main part of the posse had no idea of what had become of their companions forced into that cove of the cliff beyond Cottonwood. They took Havane and the other prisoners to a little hall over the co-op store in Bluff, but they could only guess where and how far the other Indians had scattered.

Poke with his wide hat had been seen to disappear in a sandwash among the greasewoods, and he was supposed to be peering out from its shelter for some one at whom to shoot. Joe Aikin, one of the men of the posse, lay flat on the ground with but one eye visible above the hill over which he was looking for the old bear to peep from his sandwash. James Decker, a Bluff man, stood full length on the hill trying to show Aikin where to shoot. The dead Haskel still dominated Poke as he lay there under cover and instead of shooting at Decker, an easy mark, he sent a bullet into Aikin's head above that visible eye.

Somebody reported the fight to Posey in his camp at Sand Island: Two Indians had been killed—Poke had got one white man and gained a commanding position on the cliffs. Puneeh grabbed his gun and straddled his pony. Poke had added to his glory still another man—how discouraging to be so much outdone! In Posey's whole life so far he had made but a squaw's record—never one white man to his credit in all their glorious wars.

He raced through the greasewoods towards Bluff. He saw two horsemen, he heard shooting, everything seemed to be in commotion. What chance did he have to make a good shot from that open flat? He had his long gun, but even then someone might get him from under cover before he got a chance.

THE two horsemen rode rapidly towards town, apparently they saw him and resolved to keep out of range. He broke off a long stalk from a greasewood and tied on the end of it a white rag from in his saddle-pockets. When he held this aloft the two men took him for

a harmless neutral and made no further haste, even though he rode on towards them.

He was still too distant for a sure shot when they approached the bank of the wash where they would disappear from sight. Dropping to the ground among the brush he fired first at one and then at the other. They sank from sight over the bank and someone returned his fire from near town, but it was a low-power

gun and the bullets fell harmlessly short.

The men of the posse looked through their binoculars to see who had played the white-flag treason against them, and they saw Posey. He was stooped from them in contempt as a mock target, and was patting the seat of his breeches towards them in wild exultation of insult. One of his bullets had struck

(Continued on page 520)

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STATIONS EVERYWHERE in Utah and Idaho

THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 519)

Jose Cordova, passing between the heart and the backbone, and inflicting a wound which was at once pronounced fatal, but from which Cordova recovered after a long painful illness.

From this gallant act of devotion to Lord Poke, Posey got around on the cliff to the telephone wire; he knew just what to do, and he cut Bluff off from all communication with the outside. The town was alone and in a state of siege.

Poke and his people with their long-range guns held to their vantage positions on top the cliffs overlooking the little town. The officers and men moving cautiously beneath them with ordinary rifles, could do nothing. It was not only impossible to telephone, but they knew no messenger could get out over the road through narrow Cow Canyon to report their predicament. Any move to capture the Indians was unthinkable; the Indians had all but captured them.

The men of the posse guarded Havane and the other prisoners in that little hall over the store, and when Havane made a gesture as if to jump from one of the windows, they shot him through the bowels and he died. No such thing as keeping this foolish act a secret, and it vexed the situation all the more.

The Pah-Utes, seated safely there on top of the world with their big artillery, lacked little of having full control of the men who had come against them, and they watched eagerly for a chance to complete their supremacy.

The posse had barely cared for its dead and its wounded and begun to scratch its head for an idea to prosecute the war when the Indian

Agent from the Ute Reservation in Colorado arrived and ordered the whole procedure to stop, as if it hadn't already come to a standstill, and he announced that no one but himself had the right to exercise jurisdiction over the Pah-Utes. The delay from this ridiculous disagreement was taken by the men on the cliffs to mean they had the posse pretty well hoodooed.

MEANWHILE, on the outside, with the wire dead, and no messengers coming from the southern town, Monticello and Blanding became alarmed. They raised a force of fifty horsemen and sent them down the road through the darkness of a frosty night. The clatter of all those hoofs on the hard road could be heard in the stillness for miles. Poke's snipers in their victory-seats detected the roar as this cavalcade approached, and without any way of knowing whether it was a hundred or a thousand men coming, they thought best to get themselves away into some of their defenses till they could see who was after them.

They expected of course to be followed, and that would have been delightful. Then they could live again in the glory of Soldier Crossing and be the united power they had been thirty years before. O, how uninteresting these white men—no one followed them though they watched and waited. It was the same dull enemy for which they had looked from the Elk rims after the big day at Pah-Ute Springs.

That new army did make bold, after all the Indians had got out of sight, to burn the substantial *wickiups* in which Poke's people had spent the winter. They did, generously, spare one hard-earned hut in which they found a squaw, old and blind, who had been deserted because she could not follow her people in their flight.

The Indians regarded that burning as a yellow confession of weakness on the part of the posse. At all events it was no act of bravery. To them it appeared that Uncle Sam was simply unable to cope with the problem which they presented.

All the same that force of fifty men arrived in Bluff rearing to go, and they would have gone without delay, leaving the Utah officer and

Colorado agent to fight it out alone, but a telegram came from Washington, D. C., ordering everything to halt. The agent had lost his coveted supremacy, and the officer had fared no better, for General Hugh L. Scott was on his way from the nation's capital to supersede both of them.

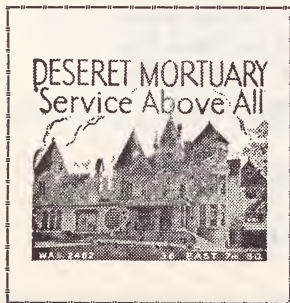
More delay, delay which the Indians interpreted in their own terms to their own glory. That new army of untold numbers, which had approached like an avalanche, apparently got cold feet, and there was no need of the Pah-Utes' going further towards Navajo Mountain. So they stopped on Douglas Mesa waiting to see if the trouble had all blown over in a short time as in the past, leaving them free again to live their lives in their own way.

And then word reached them that one of the nation's chiefest captains was coming all the way from Washington to see them—coming for them only because of the great problem they presented. But he was not coming to fight them—he had with him no weapons and no men. He was coming to entreat them. This news inspired nothing of fear, and nothing to upset their opinion of themselves as invincibles.

When the general, likeable and diplomatic, approached near to their retreat, they yielded to his persuasions and surrendered. What was there to fear? The general assured them they would have a fair trial, which they understood to mean, and so expressed themselves, that no harm would befall them in going out to the white man's court.

POKE was wanted for resisting arrest and killing an officer, and Posey was wanted for the treasonous use of the white flag and his all-but-successful attempt to kill another officer. Tse-ne-gat, who had kept himself out of harm's reach during the fight, was wanted on a charge of murder and robbery. Besides taking these three, the general decided to take Jess Posey along on general principles, or because as Posey's son he might be guilty. All the rest of the tribe were relieved from further obligation in the matter and advised to go back to their homes, if they had any.

Jess Posey was delighted with the prospect of this wonderful excursion, he was eager to see the strange



THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

outside world, and he went feeling certain he would suffer no harm, and he felt equally certain the other three would come back in safety.

So the two men, each accompanied by his son, went with the big general to stand trial in Uncle Sam's court. One particularly delightful phase of the affair, from Posey's point of view, was that it had already brought him into the old bear's august company for two weeks or more, and they would be together indefinitely; he would be regarded as the old bear's equal.

That grand excursion out to the white-man's court was the supreme thrill in the lives of the four Pah-Utes. The one of them yet alive is still talking about it. A hundred thousand people stretched their necks to see them—they enjoyed fame instead of suffering unpleasant notoriety. Their pictures appeared under flaming headlines on the front page of the big dailies, and people made a great fuss over them wherever they went. They had abundance of good things to eat, better beds than they had ever known before, and a chance to see and enjoy what none of their people had ever seen or dreamed of in all their history.

But the most important feature of the trip was that they all came back safe and sound. Not one thing happened to disturb their assurance of peaceful return. The trial took a little more time for the murder, but Tse-ne-gat had just that much more of a holiday than the other three. This happy extension of his outing gave him more time to gormandize on rich food, to see picture shows, to go car-riding and to be feted and pampered and petted nearly to death. He claimed to have refused offers of marriage from three white women in Denver, and in the days of his trial there he was the most popular man in the city.

But the court found nothing at all against him and sent him home to his people with a most damaging idea of the dignity of Uncle Sam's government, its ability and its dependability to administer justice. The misleading reports already given to the Pah-Utes by Poke and Posey about the effeminate laws and the effeminate multitude, were more than confirmed by what Tse-ne-gat had to tell when he got back from Denver pampered and glutted nearly to death. To make sure that this

latter statement is not passed as an exaggeration, let it be stated clearly, Poke's boy was fed and indulged to death in Denver, for he survived their inordinate hospitality but a short time after returning home.

Popular report said the war was over. It was not. The real trouble, patched up with wretched misunderstandings, was to hang fire about eight years, and then necessity was to force a fight to a finish. People outside of San Juan had no idea of actual conditions, and would not believe them if they were told.

For that matter, the outside knew nothing about the Pah-Utes. It remained for the people who had lived

with them fifty years and learned them like a book, to handle the situation themselves in the final fight, and to do the handling before the outside could interfere.

Before passing this angle of the story it should be observed that in 1915 and always since that time, a sentiment of sincere respect and admiration has prevailed in the minds of the white population of San Juan for General Hugh L. Scott. He has been given many words of praise and no blame. But he was misunderstood—his exceptional generosity was not appreciated by Posey, though it might be unfair to say as much for Poke.

(To be Continued)

WHEN WATER CAME TO HURRICANE

(Continued from page 495)

Money had to be raised to meet the requirements of the desert land act, and to pay for surveys, legal procedure, powder and materials—but no money was available for labor, and these men still had to earn their living and keep their families. In summer they planted and harvested and herded. In winter they dug on the canal. Most of the work was done between November and March. Transients were put to work for their board.

Wives stayed home, milked cows, fed the stock, carried the water, did the chores, packed the "grub" boxes and raised the families, while husbands and sons dug on the canal. The river settlements were mostly on the north side of the river. The canal work was on the south. There were no bridges over this part of the turbulent Virgin in those days, and fording back and forth was hazardous in many seasons, impossible in some. Men frequently were marooned from their families, while women and children, living in a rough and open country, got along as best they could.

There were heartaches; there were disappointments; there were sacrifice and dropping by the wayside. Many who started in this enterprise of community labor, lost faith, weakened, and quit, forfeiting their labor credits and partly redeemed stock holdings for what-

ever could be salvaged for them.

Five hundred dollars paid to the government under the desert land act was returned because it was found impossible to get the water on the land within the specified four years' time, even though the land to be watered was not filed on until two years after work began. Attorney and U. S. land office fees to the extent of \$200.00 were lost by delays. Faulty surveys brought losses. Frosts destroyed crops on the river settlements and many were forced to seek elsewhere for employment that would bring a cash return to provide for their families. Difficulty mounted upon difficulty. But the strong and the faithful still persisted.

FINALLY, early in 1902, after nine years of labor without help, these fighting, determined, resourceful men virtually came to a standstill with their backs to the wall. Thirty-two thousand dollars had gone into the canal, almost all of which was represented by labor. The less difficult stations, and much hazardous and arduous work had been completed, but powder and other specialized supplies and equipment were needed to blast tunnels and complete other difficult work. Great personal sacrifices had been made. Some admitted failure. Others clung on

(Concluded on page 522)

WHEN WATER CAME TO HURRICANE

(Concluded from page 521)

with the spirit that has built the arid West, but little progress was being made. The nine tunnels—sixty-two rods in aggregate length, had been led to the last and must now be done.

In this crisis James Jepson, President of Hurricane Canal Company, was sent to Salt Lake City to the First Presidency of the Church with a commission to make any kind of bargain he could. He appeared before President Joseph F. Smith, not to ask for a contribution, nor for charity, nor for Church support in a new venture—but to ask for business-like participation in a project that a community of men and women had given nearly nine years of their lives to, and had more than three-fifths completed.

To President Smith said James Jepson: "We're going to finish the job whether you help us or not; but if you don't help us, when it's done it won't belong to the people it should belong to. Our present lands cannot support more people. Our young settlers can't wait, and our interest will go to the money lenders unless we get help."

That was reason enough for Church aid, and it was not withheld. These men and women had shown their independence and their willingness to work. Furthermore they had done all they could do for themselves before seeking outside assistance. As a result of this conference, on February 1, 1902, the Church subscribed for \$5,000 worth of stock.

With the news of Church support James Jepson hastened home and was received with rejoicing. Taking new heart, the Virgin River stalwarts pushed the work forward. Necessary supplies were purchased for the final heavy work, and workers were paid twenty-five per cent cash and seventy-five per cent in stock credit until the undertaking was completed. Water flowed onto the sunbaked lands of Hurricane Bench in August, 1904, while the

residents of Washington County celebrated and offered prayers of thanksgiving.

But the battle was not yet won. There were greasewood, chaparral, cackle burr, and slippery elm to clear off the land. There were flood gates and ditches to build. There were head gates and a dam to construct where the canal met the Virgin River, and three times the erratic Virgin tore out the logs and rock of the dam. There were leaks and breaks in the canal, and need for constant vigilance. There were plowing and planting to do, bridges to construct; homes to make; schools and churches to build, and community life and government to establish.

It was March, 1906, before families began to settle the town. Ten families moved in that first year—T. M. Hinton, L. J. Workman, Erastus Lee, Frank Ashton, Amos Workman, Nephi Workman, Bernard Hinton, Charles Workman, Thomas Isom, and Ira E. Bradshaw—and they lived in tents, shacks, and dugouts, or whatever could be most readily shaped into crude shelter. Others followed. Permanent homes, and community buildings (largely fashioned from native materials and built as cooperative projects), church and civic organizations, municipal and utility services all came in due time, until today this semi-tropical garden city, fifty miles from the nearest railroad connection, offers a generous and wholesome living to its thousand residents, and indirectly supports many more. Carloads of choice Hurricane peaches find their way to profitable markets. Five cuttings of hay each year prosper the tiller of the soil, and even greater plentitude is coming to those who are finding the secret of devoting valuable land to such high pay crops as grapes, figs, almonds, walnuts, and pecans, all of which flourish in this kind climate.

A Church investment in the hands of such men and women was safe—and profitable. The six twenty-acre fields and the six Hurricane city lots that the Church investment purchased sold shortly after for \$6,600, less assessments, giving the Church a profit of nearly sixteen hundred dollars on its money—in addition to which the new Hurricane ward paid

approximately \$5,000 in tithing the second year of its organization.

Because so much of it was labor it is difficult to state the exact cost of the Hurricane Canal, but estimates place it near \$60,000, of which more than \$50,000 is represented by cooperative labor. And the land which it waters, purchased mostly for \$1.25 an acre, has sold variously from \$50.00 to as high as \$300.00 an acre. Although much of the canal construction was high and hazardous, not a man was killed in its making.

The women who worked and waited and prayed, the men who toiled and believed—many of them—live today in Hurricane to enjoy the rewards of their dreaming and working. Their children, too, are there.

And today as one rides up the ridge east of Hurricane to look over the last red sentinels of Virgin River Canyon and Zion National Park, beautiful but bleak and unyielding desert country seems everywhere to be present except within a garden spot of two thousand acres sharply and definitely taken from the grip of desert blight by the determined and willing sacrifice of noble men and women, united in a common cause for the common good.

Bright of countenance, sure of memory, steady of stature, today stands Hurricane Canal Company's first President, James Jepson, in his eighty-third year.

"And how did your people do this thing?" a bystander asked him.

The answer was memorable: "You remember how Brigham Young called a group of people to settle Utah's Dixie country, and only half of them responded."

"Yes."

"You remember how, of the half who came, only about half of them stayed?"

"Yes."

"Well, the men and women who built this canal were the descendants of those who stayed!"

"And what do you do when the canal breaks?"

"We fix it."

"And what if you couldn't fix it?"

"We can fix it!"

And we were led to think with respect and gratitude in our hearts: "Thank God for a generation of unsoftened men and women who ask no favor but to work out their own temporal and spiritual salvation with a rare admixture of independence and cooperation."

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WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW

(Continued from page 475)

be my duty to run around with Aline Webster just on account your crazy about the girl? I am sorry you had to lose your appendix but maybe now you are used to losing things it won't be so hard to lose Aline.

"Your hard-boiled friend,
"C. Carter."

Still scowling, he marched into the house and ransacked his mother's desk for envelope and stamp. Returning to the street, he espied a barefoot urchin idling along the sidewalk. Cuthbert hailed him, "Hi, Kid! Give you a nickel if you'll take this to the Post Office! I gotta work on my car, see!"

His gloom lessened somewhat as he decked Lady Godiva's aged frame in the bright spring colors. Poor old Tubby, it was a shame to let him down, but after all, a feller had to live his own life. He couldn't go around playing Cupid forever. Anyway, what Tubby could see in a big fatty like Aline—well, as Tubby always said, a guy had to decide those things for himself.

An hour or so later, his mother, hurrying home from a neighbor's, squeal suddenly and startled him into sprinkling both her and himself with a spray of yellow paint. "Cuthbert, did you know that Harold is not doing so well? Mrs. Meredith phoned Mrs. Bromley that he had bounced around too much, written a letter, or something—"

"Good Friday, Mother, I gotta go!" Cuthbert jumped into the partly painted car, scattering paint and brushes as he did so. "I gotta catch that kid!" "Poor old Tubby!" he was thinking, as he frantically started the engine, "Maybe I've refused his dying request! Writing that letter was what made him worse! Hurry, hurry, old lady, don't let me miss that kid!"

Down the street dashed Lady Godiva, an aged steed, half clad in gorgeous raiment, Cuthbert, wild-eyed and reckless, urging her to greater speed. "Good Friday, what if he gets that letter and dies of disappointment!" he muttered, deftly missing a startled pedestrian by a hair's breadth. "'Course it'd turn out this way! Conscience has to get the best of me every time I try to please myself for once! Gives me more trouble than all the rest of my insides put together!"

With a suddenness that almost drove him through the windshield,

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he shoved on the brakes and Lady Godiva stopped with a protesting squeal. His freckled messenger squatted among a crowd of cronies in the middle of the street, leisurely preparing to shoot a marble. "Hi there, Bill! How long ago you post that letter?" shouted Cuthbert above the car's asthmatic wheezing. Bill squinted along his grubby fist and

took careful aim, "Letter?" he then said blankly. "Oh, that letter?"

"Yes, letter! How long?"

Bill fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a dirty, dog-eared missive. "Well, I ain't got down to the Post Office yet, hardly," he apologized, "I was going as soon as this game was over."

Saved! Cuthbert thankfully grabbed the letter and tore it into fragments before the astonished eyes of Bill and his fellow idlers. But speeding homeward, his elation suffered a sudden deflation. Saved, yes—but at what a sacrifice to himself! He gathered up and cleaned his scattered paint brushes, he retrieved his paint buckets and set to work, but his heart was not in it, his spirits were heavy with the ordeal before him. Doggedly he slapped on vivid green, alternating with zebra stripes of yellow, but no smile lightened his features, no unmusical whistle issued from his lips.

"My, it's going to be bright, isn't it?" Cuthbert squinted toward the voice. Helen Ward, dainty and immaculate, stood surveying his handiwork. It ain't human for anybody to be that clean all the time, thought Cuthbert, resentfully. Viciously, he slapped on a brushful of green paint, alternating with zebra stripes of yellow. "Oh, Cuthbert, look! Look at my dress!"

"Sorry!" muttered Cuthbert,
(Continued on page 524)

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WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW

(Continued from page 523)

flushing. "Honest, I am, Helen. Guess I wasn't thinking—or thinking too much!"

"Oh, that's all right! I think it will come out!" Helen said quickly, "Did you—are you going to the M. I. A. Ball Friday night?"

"No. That is, yes. I guess I gotta go. Wonder—do you know if Aline's going with Rudy, or not?"

"No. Why?" Helen looked at him curiously. Cuthbert got up, absently wiping his paint brush on his long-suffering trousers.

"I'll walk along as far as the house with you? I gotta phone to Aline, I guess."

"Why—what—"

"I'm 'fraid I've put it off too long. I gotta take Aline to that dance!"

"Oh!" said Helen, faintly.

THE M. I. A. dance was merely the beginning. Aline was a lively girl and loved excitement. She "adored" dancing, she was "crazy" about boating, she was a "tennis shark" and "nuts about ball games." Cuthbert found himself launched into a giddy whirl of pleasure that made a jaded rake of him in a week, viewing his breakfast with a jaundiced eye, dropping asleep in Sunday School with his mouth unbecomingly open. Like a striped demon Lady Godiva dashed about the country-side, a menace to the life and peace of mind of man and beast. Daily the gasoline bill mounted up on Jim Brady's books. But in spite of this, Aline always managed that they were back in time for the tennis, the ball game or the dance, and worst of all was her appetite! I don't wonder she's a fatty, thought Cuthbert, viciously breaking the little iron pig bank he

had had since babyhood. "Tubby's welcome to keep her in ice-cream and candy and hot dogs for all me, I ain't no Rockefeller!"

At the end of the third week he wrote desperately to Tubby:

"Dear Tubby:

"Well Tubby, you going to take the rest of your life off, getting over a little thing like an appendix? I looked it up in the Physiology and it isn't more than a few inches long. I could of had my leg cut off and been home quicker than this. Well Tubby, I have always liked you as a friend, but if I have to sport Aline much longer I will be so broke there won't be no use trying to put the pieces together again! Boy, can that girl eat. And she uses it all up in energy to play and dance so she can eat some more so she can play and dance some more so she can eat some more so she can play—oh, you finish it! She's a nice girl, but I guess she ain't my type. I have sure stretched the truth telling her what a grand guy you are, but you are taking the chance of her falling for me account of being in my company practically constant day and night, at your own risk. And it won't make any difference with what you owe me in acshul cash spent. Jim Brady said he would take Lady Godiva in part payment for gas only she would start a riot in his garage. Well, Tubby, I only hope I can forget you have reeked my vacation and get back my old feeling of friendship for you when this is over, if ever.

"As ever your true friend,

"C. Carter."

"P. S. Let me know when you are coming and I will meet the train

with Lady Godiva also Aline. Boy, is she a beaut now she's painted.

"C. C.

"P. S. Again. I mean Lady G."

THAT evening Cuthbert duly escorted Aline to a party at Mary Wright's home, for the Bee-Hive Girls and partners. He was amazed when Helen Ward, demure in blue organdy, came in followed by Rudy Graham. "Well, Good Friday!" he thought, with disgust, "I thought Helen had more sense! Of course, if that's what she admires, it's nothing to me, but Good Friday!" But even while he reflected it was none of his affair, it unaccountably depressed him to see Helen in the company of the un-couth Rudy; and this, coupled with the fact that he had been short on sleep for the past three weeks, caused a marked lack of interest in the lively games Mary had provided.

Presently he slipped quietly out to the garden, planning to walk around a bit and wake himself up, but as he still stood in the shadow by the door, a voice from beyond the rose hedge arrested his steps. He instantly recognized Aline's familiar voice and her words held him spell-bound. "Well, I haven't got the heart to shake him! He's simply crazy about me! Why, he practically spends every waking hour with me! The folks pretend to faint when they hear him coming, and you can hear him a mile! Why, honest, Rudy, sometimes when I see that horrid old—old striped monster stopping at our gate, I could simply scream! Oh, I know it's just awful of me to talk this way about the poor boy when he's tried to be so nice to me, but when you come to think of it, he sure isn't a very true friend to Tubby! He brags about him all the time, but poor old Tubby was hardly in the hospital before he stepped in and tried to take me away from him. He knew Tubby and I were—"

"Oh, forget it!" Rudy's deep voice cut in on the seemingly endless monologue, "You don't care anything about either of them! Why not step out with a real guy for a change?"

At the sound of Aline's too familiar giggle, Cuthbert roused from his trance and slipped quietly back into the house. How gay it looked! He was never so glad to see his dear

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WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW

old crowd before! He felt a great warmth and friendliness toward everyone, even Rudy—especially Rudy! His unwitting eavesdropping had lifted a load from his spirits that even he had not known the weight of until it was gone.

It was only on the way home, with Aline unaccustomedly silent at his side, wondering uneasily how best she could break the bad news, that the thought of Tubby's disappointment reared its head. "Good Friday, what will Tubby say? All this perfectly good money and time spent and nothing to show for it! Rudy better a had her in the first place!"

When he had finally broken away from Aline's tactful dismissal and repeated assurances of undying friendship and had driven home, he fully intended to lie awake and study out some scheme whereby she still might be saved for Tubby. But he had time for a mere muttered, "Poor old Tub—" before unconsciousness claimed him, and in his dreams he roared down endless driveways in Lady Godiva, while Aline floated taunting ahead, laughing when he implored her to wait and let him take her to Tubby.

THE BRIGHT sunshine of late morning woke him, and he sat up suddenly with the light, happy feeling that some way this day was different, though he could not for the moment, remember why. Then his eye fell upon a letter propped up on his dresser. His mother must have placed it there after the morning mail had arrived. Springing out of bed he seized it, Tubby's familiar scrawl was on the envelope. His soaring spirits sank as he slowly tore it open and began to read:

"Dear old Coppy:

"Well, Coppy, prepare for a shock. I got your letter and judging by the way you feel about Aline, maybe it won't be such a shock at that. You can jar loose from Aline any time you want to. I don't wish her any harm, but if she wants Rudy she can have him with my blessing. Now, Coppy, I know you can't wait to find out what has changed me. I ought to have told you before, but it really slipped my mind. Well, Coppy, don't tell this, but I am in love with the prettiest nurse here. She is the one who gave me the writing material which made me worse. She is sure pretty. She is ten years older than I am, but she

looks young, and you know I am not a kiddish kid like you, Coppy, but am old for my years. I only hope to live to be worthy of such a wonderful girl. She does not know how I feel yet, but I will tell her all in good time. Well, Coppy, now you know how it is with me, I know you will not hold any feelings about trying to hold Aline for me. If she has fallen for you, as you hinted, it is all right anyway. If not, I hope you won't be too hard on me about expenses, as I will be saving up for a college education to be worthy of Maud. (That is the nurse's name. It is sure a lot prettier name than Aline.) Well, Coppy, be good to yourself. I would of been home before now, but they don't think I'm doing well, account of I haven't any appetite. This shows how much in love I am when I will deliberately starve myself so I can stay here where Maud is. But I am afraid any time I will break down and eat a square meal and then it's goodbye, Maud. I will let you know when I am coming and you can meet the train with Lady G, but do not bring Aline, as it might hurt her to see what she has lost. This experience has aged me, Coppy, be prepared for a changed man.

"Hoping you're the same,

"H. Meredith."

Smiling broadly, Cuthbert laid down the letter, and going to the closet, hunted out his paint-smeared corduroys, sweat-shirt and sneakers. As in the days of his care-free youth

he descended the stairs in three, well-timed leaps. Delighted, his mother stood over the stove and cooked stack after stack of golden brown pancakes, urging more gold in the form of butter and syrup upon her beaming son. It was so good to see Cuthbert really eat again!

Replete at last, he strolled out into the sunny garden. How sweet his mother's roses smelled! It was a pretty good old world after all. And one of the best guys in it—good old Tubby would soon be home again! Very soon, Cuthbert knew, if starving was the only condition under which he could remain at the hospital.

Good old Tubby! Even if he was an awful pain in the neck at times, Cuthbert realized that he had missed him dreadfully. And suddenly he knew that just the way he felt this morning was full compensation for all the ordeal of the past three weeks, and his faith in his old philosophies was renewed.

Down the street from the Post Office came Helen Ward, fresh as the morning itself. Impulsively he stepped to the hedge and hailed her.

"Hi, Helen, how'd you like to ride home in Lady Godiva? You haven't had a ride in her since she was painted, have you? I'm going to be pretty busy today, making up for a lot of lost time, but I guess I can take you for a small spin if you're a good girl!" Helen gave him a startled smile. "Oh Cuthbert," she said breathlessly, "Can you, really?"

"The youth replies, 'I can!'" said Cuthbert, grandly.

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THE LONELINESS OF ALCES

(Concluded from page 487)

stopped. Its short thick neck did not permit it to reach the tender grass with its mouth while it was standing on its tall legs, so it actually knelt down while it nibbled sparingly of the verdure below.

Involuntarily I meditated: I was looking at the largest member of the deer family of any age; and I wondered how many thousands of years had been required to bring it to its present extraordinary development. Equally at home in the water and on land, with a muzzle especially adapted to its particular

kind of feeding and legs long enough to support it in all but the deepest streams, it was an animal well adapted to survive the most pitiless climate. Nevertheless, man, the arch enemy of all wild life, had driven it farther from its ancient haunts until now the early extermination of the species seemed imminent. Alces was but a lonely individual within the realm of civilized men, undisturbed by most of them, but doomed like his progenitors to meet eventually some ruthless, selfish human who would take delight in his destruction.

All afternoon I lingered in the neighborhood, the very presence of the ancient monarch giving my contemplative mind deep thoughts concerning the wonderful world in which we live. At sunset I could see the colossal animal standing alone by the willows. I looked at the solitary moose and then at the marvelous beauty of his surroundings, as if feeling that the Maker of all had especially painted this unfrequented region for Alces and me.

Alces stood silent and lonely, as I drifted away down stream, and, as I turned my head to look back, all that could be seen was the glimmer of the moon on the river path which was fringed with willows of impenetrable darkness. Then the next season Rilter told me what happened after I departed:

By the end of September all the fishermen had disappeared. Rilter lived in one room of the big vacant clubhouse, knowing that for six months or more he would hear little if any of the outer world. With two dogs as his sole companions he meandered each day up and down the river banks, setting an otter trap here, a coyote trap there, until fifty traps were all carefully placed. Each day he inspected them, and as a result he soon had otter, coyote, muskrat, weasel, skunk, and fox skins stretched drying on the walls of the house. Ducks often flew down the river on their annual migration; and usually he could sit in the sun at his door and shoot plenty for himself and the dogs.

Light snows fell, remaining permanently only on the peaks of Sawtelle; but soon more came and the whole region was covered with a constantly deepening blanket of snow. All of the summer birds had drifted southward, leaving the blue

jays, nutcrackers, ruffed grouse, magpies, chickadees, and rosy finches in full possession of the silent river and impenetrable forests.

Rilter seldom saw Alces then, but more than once he heard the loud roar of the animal as it threw out a challenge to all moosedom; but no bulls roared in reply, no cows answered. Once Rilter saw Alces threshing willows and small pines with his now massive, hard antlers, as if infuriated at the absence of other moose and determined to fight something.

As Christmas drew near, the snow was so deep that Rilter went everywhere on snowshoes except, of course, when he used the canoe on the river which never froze over. He was very lonesome, for the nights were long and he was tired of reading and talking to his appreciative dogs.

One moonlight night, however, he was suddenly waked by the loud barking of his dogs outside. Going to the window he could see them running about barking at an animal that in the semi-darkness looked like a cow. He was astonished, however, when the animal struck at one of the dogs, to discern that it was really a huge grizzly bear, and right in his back dooryard as well. A grizzly in midwinter!—one of those rare occurrences that upset at times the best of man-made theories and rules of animal conduct!

Rilter, though aware of his peril, was nevertheless too calm and courageous not to know what to do. If he did not shoot, it would perhaps kill his dogs and molest himself; if he did shoot at it, no one could foretell the dire results of merely wounding a grizzly.

The dogs, however, were getting dangerously near those death-dealing paws. Not a moment must be wasted! Consequently Rilter took his rifle, which always lay loaded; and holding the door slightly ajar took careful aim and fired. Instantly the huge bear jumped a half dozen feet into the air and, slapping its breast with a paw uttered a hideous and long drawn bawl.

Rilter was taking aim for another shot when the dogs closed in on the animal, nipping at it and darting away again so quickly he feared to shoot lest he kill one of his faithful companions.

To his great relief Rilter noticed that in the turmoil the grizzly was



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THE LONELINESS OF ALCES

gradually drifting back towards the pines; and soon the snow, dark trees and moonlight shadows made the three fighting animals indiscernible. The loud barks of the dogs and the angry 'woofs' of the bear could be heard distinctly in the still night air; and Rilter knew that they were moving towards the dense jack pines up stream. It was nearly an hour before the dogs could no longer be heard; and Rilter, though fearful that the worried bear would by a lucky stroke kill one or both of his pets, was not so foolhardy as to trail a wounded grizzly by moonlight. He was delighted, however, when several hours later the two dogs returned, uninjured but completely fagged.

THE NEXT day Rilter followed the tracks of the wounded grizzly, every movement of which seemed to be recorded in the crimsoned snow. First the trail went through a forest of almost impenetrable pines—here Rilter proceeded most cautiously—then over open flats and finally toward the willowed shores of the river.

Suddenly one of the dogs began to whine, and the hair of its back stood up in evidence of deepest apprehension. Rilter held his rifle in readiness and stepped into the thicket with the greatest of care. All at once the other dog could be heard barking in the woods about a hundred yards to the right of where Rilter stood and there was a great crashing of willows in that direction. Unable quite to comprehend the actions of the two dogs he hesitated a moment to listen. Then presto! right in front of him from the very midst of a dense thicket there came the terrible "woof" of the wounded grizzly! Instantly Rilter raised his rifle, aimed at the monster's heart and fired. Shocked by the bullet's impact the bear jumped several feet into the air; and then crept toward the hunter. Rilter again raised his rifle to shoot when to his utter surprise a great bull moose came crashing into the clearing in which he stood. For a second the tall monarch hesitated; but just long enough to convince itself that it was beset by danger before and behind.

Now, a moose cornered is one of the most formidable beasts of the wilds; and Rilter saw that the huge antlered animal was going to charge him. Men think quickly when in

the midst of direst peril; and as all his experience taught him that a grizzly is the most tenacious of enemies he instantly turned and sent a crashing bullet into the bear's mouth. The big grizzly wilted; and then Rilter jumped to dodge the oncoming moose. Too late. Its wide antler caught his coat and ripped the whole side off, at the same time flipping his gun from his hands. Rilter scampered for a pine not over ten yards away, but the moose as quickly turned and pursued. By the merest chance he swung himself behind the tree as the great moose charged by. Again it returned, and it required all of his dexterity to keep the tree between himself and the death-dealing antlers. A glance told him that the bear was dying, as he could see its hind feet kick back and forth and great bubbles of blood issue from its mouth.

Rilter felt that his greatest hope of safety lay in the dogs; so by repeated shouts of encouragement he prevailed upon them to nip the moose's heels. The wild monarch charged at them; then returned to Rilter's protecting tree. Again and again the animal thrust at him; again and again charged the dogs, each time chasing them farther away. Finally the moose thrust at one of the dogs so persistently that he drew away nearly a dozen yards from Rilter. Then a peculiar thing happened; it looked for a second at Rilter; turned, and like a wild stallion dashed through the willows and away.

Rilter saw that the bear was dead, but for several minutes he sat by the tree nearly exhausted at his strange experience.

"Just a misunderstanding, Alces," he said as he arose to skin the bear. "Next time we meet I hope you will have learned that I mean you no harm."

I WASH MY DUST CLOTH

(Concluded from page 500)

of taxation that we have brought upon ourselves by laziness, waste, dishonesty, duplication of effort, unwillingness to assume responsibility even for our own actions. It has reduced the percentage of home-owning families in America from 80% to 23%, in this land of unparalleled plenty. Year after year the tax burden grows, grows, grows. That old motto points the only way to safety and comfort.

I cannot afford to throw away my two-cent dust cloth. I thought of the people who sneer at the doing of the little tasks that fill the hours and give the doer always something to look at that is the result of his own effort. They talk of the six-

hour day and the five-day week as though work were something to be avoided, while others work and worry twenty-four hours a day to keep them from starving. They spend their spare time doing things that tear down health, strength, and character, ignoring the laws that have been from the beginning, and learning when it is too late that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and that does not mean maybe. Whether it be good or evil, he reaps it.

I am not too proud to work two minutes to save two cents, but that is nothing as compared to what my clean dust cloth—clean through my own effort—does in wiping up the dust that sometimes clogs my brain.

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LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

PULITZER—the man who left the money to be distributed for the much-discussed book prizes—used to pronounce his name as in the word *pull*. Since his demise, others have decided to change it to *pu*, the *u* as in *cube*, and accented; *lit*, *i* as in *it*; *ser* to rhyme with *her*.

Newbery—since we have named one donor for books, we should name the famous Englishman who left a bequest to stimulate the writing of worthwhile juvenile books. His name is pronounced with the accent after *new*, pronounced as in *cube*; *ber* to rhyme with *her*; and the *y* as the *i* in *it*. Notice the single *r* in this word.

Data—a word that genealogists need to use frequently—preferably pronounced *da*, *a* as in *fate*; the accent follows this syllable; *ta*, the *a* as in *account*. The second pronunciation given allows the first *a* to take the sound as in *arm*, otherwise the pronunciation is the same.

FROM HOLLYWOOD

The Improvement Era:

I JUST received the July number of the *Era* and I think it is one of the finest I have received.

I wish I had the power of speech to tell you how much good I have received from the past year's reading, practically every word in it. My testimony has been strengthened, my love for my fellowmen has grown. Everything that one wishes in life that is beautiful and uplifting is found in these pages. I would make any sacrifice in order to continue my subscription, it has meant so very, very much to me this past year.

.....

God bless the *Era*, and I would love to see every home, even non-members of our Church, subscribe for this most excellent magazine.

Thanking you kindly,

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Wilda M. Kunkel.

FROM THE SWISS-GERMAN MISSION



Stefflsbury, Switzerland.

Dear Editors:

WE MISSIONARIES anxiously await the coming of each new *Era*. The friends and members of our new branch here also enjoy it very much. Although they speak German, the pictures of Church leaders and Church activities are very interesting to them. We have the *Era* hanging in the largest restaurant in town, and English tourists have often commented upon its value.

Please find inclosed a picture of the youngest branch in the Swiss German Mission (and we think the best one) taken 6 months after its organization (on Mother's Day).

Sincerely your brethren,

O. Staker Olsen,
Horace G. Moser.

SILVER LINING



"My daughter's music lessons are a fortune to me."

"How is that?"

"They enable me to buy the neighbors' houses at half price."—*Gazzettino Illustrato (Venice)*.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENT

A WOMAN in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: "We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Nextdoor, confidently.

"What? Are you moving, too?"

"No, we are staying here."—*Humorist*.

CLEARING THE DECKS

"Let's get our wives together tonight and have a big evening."

"O.k. but where shall we leave them?"—*Annapolis Log*.

BREAKFAST NOOK REPARTEE

"**A** NYBODY would think I was nothing but the char-woman!"

"Especially if they saw this toast!"—*Selected*.

TAKING HIS MEDICINE

CAUTIOUS FATHER: "My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Easie. He really and truly loves you."

Daughter: "How do you know that, dad?"

Cautious Father: "Because I've been borrowing money from him for six months, and still he keeps coming."—*Inverness Courier*.

FALLING BEHIND THE JONESES

FATHER: "It's a good plan, my dear, always to think before you speak."

Daughter: "But Dad, when I do that the girls have changed the subject."—*Boston Transcript*.

THIS MONTH'S SCOTCH ONE



"Is old Angus a typical Scotsman?"

"Is he? He's saved all his toys for his second childhood!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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